This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

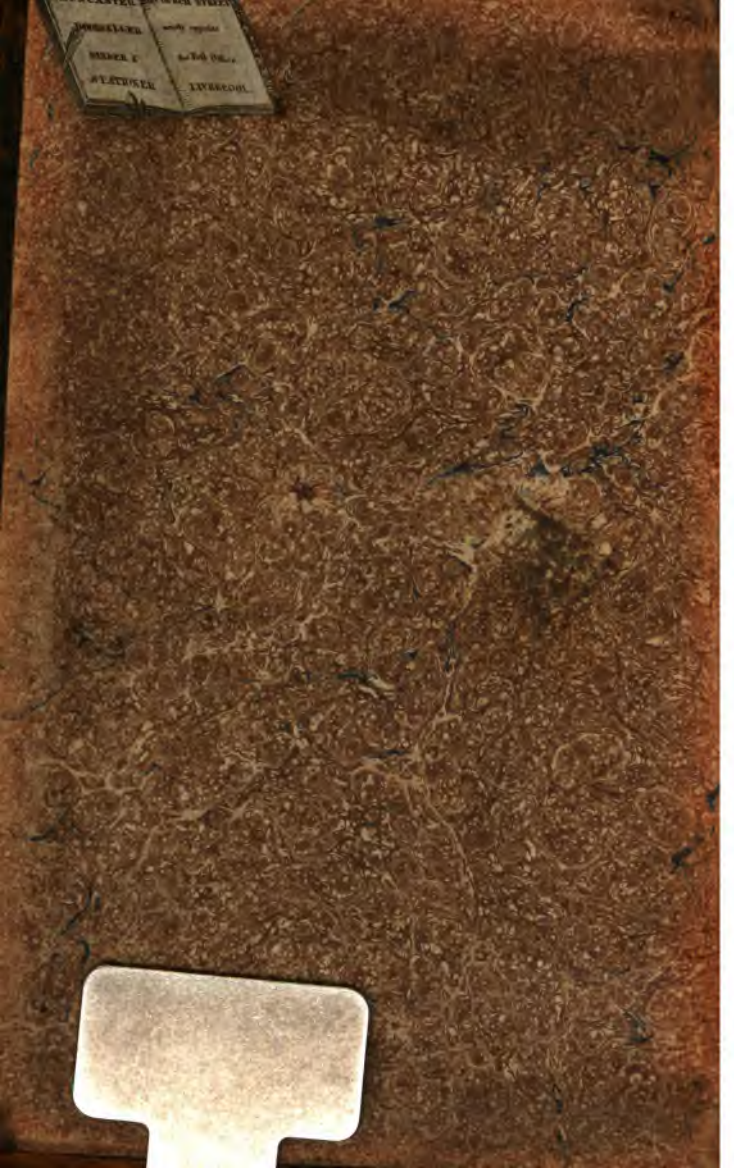
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`



300149944Y

X L 15.75 [C D

A present from
a
Friend
1814

R. Corbould del.

W. J. Alais

Lady Bab—Mr. Oldworth there is your travell'd Man for you! Maid of the Oaks—Act 3. Scene 3.

Published Jan.19.1807. by Scatcherd & Letterman Ave Maria Lane.

Mary Ann Gordon

THE

DRAMATIC AND POETICAL

WORKS

OF THE LATE

LIEUT. GEN. J. BURGOYNE;

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

MEMOIRS OF THE AUTHOR.

EMBELLISHED WITH COPPER-PLATES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY C. WHITTINGHAM,
Goswell Street,

FOR SCATCHERD AND LETTERMAN; LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME; R. SCHOLEY, P. AND W. WYNNE; J. BOOKER; J. J. STOCKDALE; J. BOOTH; J. CARPENTER; R. RYAN; G. RICHARDS; C. CHAPPLE; AND H. EBERS.

1808.

CONTENTS.

	Page
SKETCH of the Life of Lieutenant-General Burgoyne	5
The Maid of the Oaks	37
The Lord of the Manor	123

A

SKETCH OF THE LIFE

OF

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BURGOYNE.

FEW circumstances have more frequently, or with more reason, been lamented, by writers of biography, than the deficiency which they have found of materials, for enabling them to trace the progress of celebrated but originally obscure characters, at their first entrance into a state of active existence. The early life of many who steadily worked their way up to distinguished eminence is buried in total darkness. This blank in the history of individuals, though to superficial observers its occurrence may be thought of little moment, is undoubtedly a subject of regret, as it would be

not less useful than curious to know throughout what slow gradations, and by what continued struggles, worth and genius eventually surmounted all those obstacles which had been opposed to them by the malignity of fortune. The lesson of patience and perseverance, thus practically taught, would be of more avail than all the volumes of reasoning upon these virtues, which have been, or which ever can be, written by sages and by moralists.

Among those, no memorial of whose youth remains, is to be numbered John Burgoyne, a man who rose to no mean celebrity, as a writer, a senator, and an officer. The time and place of his birth are unknown. Even his parentage is doubtful. He is said, but upon what authority does not appear, to have been the natural son of Lord Bingley, who died, at an advanced age, in 1774.

That his education was of the most liberal kind is sufficiently testified by subsequent evidence. It is not improbable, also, that he was either destined for, or resolved upon, the profession of arms, at a very early period. The dates of his subaltern promotions elude discovery, and are not, perhaps, in themselves of much importance; but,

on the 10th of May, 1758, he was raised to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. In the August of 1759, he was appointed lieutenant-colonel-commandant of the sixteenth light dragoons. With this regiment he served, in 1761, at Belleisle, where, during the siege of Palais, he was entrusted with a negotiation for an exchange of prisoners.

A more busy service awaited him upon his return home. Spain had now acceded to the family compact, and, after vain endeavours to draw over Portugal from its alliance with England, had resolved to attack that country in the hope of an easy conquest; a hope which arose from her conviction of the weak and undisciplined state of the Portuguese army. In this exigency Great Britain hastened to the succour of an ally, who had preferred the chance of utter ruin to the shame of having violated her faith.

The troops destined for this service arrived in the Tagus on the sixth of May. They were immediately marched to join the Portuguese army, under the command of the Count de la Lippe Buckeburg, and took the field in the course of July. The campaign had been commenced by the Spaniards on the side of Tras los Montes, in which

province Miranda, Braganza, and some other towns had fallen into their hands. They next resolved to proceed against Oporto, but this design was frustrated by the bravery of the peasants, who took possession of the defiles, and compelled the Spanish army to a disorderly retreat. Disappointed in this quarter the enemy turned their steps towards the province of Beira, and laid siege to the frontier town of Almeida, which, after a short defence, fell into their hands through the imbecility and cowardice of its governor. Their army now approached the Tagus, the only direction in which an invader can penetrate to the capital, all other access being rendered nearly, if not quite impracticable, by immense chains of mountains, and other natural obstructions.

To second the operations of this army, by an incursion into Alemtejo, or by advancing on the opposite side of the Tagus, and thus to distract the attention of the Portuguese, already but too feeble in point of numbers, a body of troops was beginning to assemble in Spanish Estramadura, at the town of Valencia de Alcantara. It consisted at present of about 1200 men. Well knowing that if this force were suffered to increase, it would embarrass him very considerably, the Count de la

Lippe, who was encamped at Abrantes, formed the bold design of attacking and dispersing it before it assumed a more formidable aspect.

The execution of this plan was confined to Burgoyne, who then held the rank of brigadier. No inconsiderable difficulties stood in the way of this enterprise; but the spirit of the commander was not of a nature to be depressed by such considerations. He crossed the Tagus, at midnight on the 23d, with 400 of his own regiment, was joined as he advanced by one or two small detachments, and after a laborious march of more than fifteen leagues, performed through bad roads, and without halting, he arrived on the morning of the 26th at some distance from the town of Alcantara. His intention had been to surprise the place before break of day, but he now found that from the delay, occasioned by the ignorance of the guides, the dawn was at hand, and his scheme would be frustrated if he waited till his whole division could co-operate in the attack. He, therefore, boldly pushed forward with his dragoons alone. This audacity was favoured by fortune. At the head of his handful of soldiers he entered the town with such determined resolution, that the

guards in the square were all killed or made prisoners before they could take arms, and the ends of the streets were secured after a trifling resistance. Some parties, having rallied, attempted to return to the charge; but their lives paid the forfeit of their temerity. A firing was for a short time kept up from the windows. It was, however, put a stop to, by the menace of setting the town in flames, at the four corners, if the doors and windows were not instantly thrown open. Parties were immediately sent out to pursue such of the enemy as had escaped into the country, and in this service their success was very considerable.

In this gallant action the loss of the English was scarcely worthy of notice; while, on the other hand, that of the Spaniards was remarkably severe. Many prisoners were taken, among whom was the Spanish general, and the regiment of Seville was totally destroyed. Three standards, with a large quantity of arms and ammunition, fell into the hands of the victors. In consequence of the strict discipline observed by the British very little was suffered by the town or the inhabitants. The generosity and gallantry of Burgoyne were indeed subjects of praise among the Spanish officers them-

selves. From the Count de la Lippe they received, in the public orders of the day, the highest encomiums.

All danger was thus at an end on the side of Alemtejo; but it was not so on the other bank of the Tagus, where their immense superiority of numbers enabled the Spaniards to obtain a footing, though but a trifling one, in Portuguese Estramadura, and make a somewhat nearer approach to the capital. Early in October they attacked the old Moorish castle of Villa Velha, and the defiles of St. Simon. The castle was, for a considerable time, supported across the river by Brigadier Burgoyne, who was posted between Nissa and the Tagus. It was, however, at last compelled to surrender, the enemy having contrived to turn the position.

A body of two thousand Spaniards now encamped in the neighbourhood of Villa Velha. It was soon perceived by Burgoyne, that this corps, proud of its late successes, was a little more careless than was proper in the neighbourhood of a vigilant and enterprising adversary. For this unsoldier-like negligence he soon inflicted upon them an exemplary chastisement. Under his orders

Lieutenant-Colonel Lee crossed the Tagus, on the night of the 5th of October, with a detachment of 350 British soldiers, and succeeded in completely surprising the Spanish camp. A considerable slaughter took place, with a very trifling loss to the assailants. Some magazines were burned, six cannons spiked, and sixty artillery mules, and a large quantity of baggage taken. After this decisive blow, the detachment recrossed the Tagus, and resumed its original quarters, without interruption.

Here closed the campaign. Harassed, dispirited, and reduced to almost one half of their original numbers, the Spanish troops retired within their own frontier. Peace was shortly after concluded between the belligerent powers, and the subject of this memoir returned to his own country, with the reputation of an enlightened, intrepid, and active officer. On the 8th of October, previously to his embarking for England, he had been raised to the rank of colonel.

At the general election in 1761, he had been chosen member for Midhurst, and he accordingly, on his arrival from Portugal, took his seat in the House of Commons. He does not, however,

appear to have been, at this period, a very active member. On the next election, in 1768, he was returned for the borough of Preston. Some circumstances arising from this event, and from his presumed connection with the Duke of Grafton, drew upon him the hostility of Junius, who, in several of his letters, adverts to him in language of great severity. The same year he was appointed governor of Fort William. His commission as major-general is dated in 1772, ten years after his attaining the rank of colonel.

In the debates of Parliament he now took a more frequent part than he had before done. Administration having accepted, in 1771, from the Spanish government, a very inadequate satisfaction for the insult which had been offered to Great Britain, by the seizure of the Falkland Islands, he arraigned their conduct in a speech of much eloquence and vigour. But his efforts, and those of his friends, were unavailing; an address approving the convention between the two powers was carried by a large majority.

The next year he was not less strenuous in endeavouring to detect and bring to punishment the corruption and delinquency which disgraced the

characters of those to whom authority was delegated in our Eastern empire. It was on his motion that a committee was appointed "to enquire "into the nature, state, and condition of the East "India Company, and of the British affairs in the "East Indies." His speech, on this occasion, is highly honourable to him, both as a man, and as an orator. As chairman of the committee, he found himself repeatedly called upon to defend the measures and intentions of himself and his colleagues, and he was not backward in the performance of this duty.

But, amidst the pressure of senatorial and professional avocations, he found time for pursuits of a more light and amusing nature. A marriage took place in June 1774, between Lord Stanley, the present Earl of Derby, and Lady Betty Hamilton, daughter of the Duke of Hamilton. On this occasion a fête champétre was given at the Oaks, which in taste and splendour far exceeded every thing of the kind that had been seen before. The superintendance of the whole was committed to Burgoyne. It was for this festival that he wrote his first dramatic piece, entitled *The Maid of the Oaks*. This elegant comic entertainment was afterwards, with some additions, it is said,

from the pen of Garrick, successfully brought forward on the boards of Drury Lane Theatre. Nor has it yet lost its attractions with the public, though Mrs. Baddely and Mrs. Abingdon, the original representatives of Maria and Lady Bab Lardoon, have never been equalled by later performers of those characters.

His attention, however, was soon called off from letters to arms. He embarked in 1775, with Generals Howe and Clinton, for America, and arrived at Boston early in June. Some of the official papers issued there, at that period, are attributed to his pen. His stay this time in America was short, as he returned to England during the winter. But in the spring of 1776, having previously been promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general, he sailed for Canada, where he had some share in assisting Sir Guy Carleton to expel the rebels, who had for many months held a footing in that province, and even reduced its capital, Quebec, to the greatest extremity. The campaign being at an end, he again, at the close of the year, landed in his native country.

During his absence in America he suffered the loss of his wife, Lady Charlotte Burgoyne, who

died at Kensington Palace, on the 5th of June, 1776. His marriage with this lady, a daughter of the Earl of Derby, is said to have been contracted when he was only a subaltern at Preston, and to have at first excited the resentment of her father, against whose wishes it had taken place, and who declared his resolution never to admit the offenders to his presence. As time, however, disclosed to him the amiable qualities, and great talents of his son-in-law, the anger of the Earl died away, and was succeeded by a warm and lasting affection. By Lady Charlotte the General had no children.

Private affliction was soon compelled to give way to the claims of the public upon his services. Government resolved to make, in the summer of 1777, a decisive effort against the revolted colonies. A large force was to penetrate towards Albany from Canada, by the way of the lakes, while another considerable body advanced up the Hudson's river, for the purpose of joining the Canadian army. By this means it was hoped that all communication would be cut off between the northern and southern colonies, and that each of them, being left to its ówn means of defence, and attacked by superior numbers, would inevitably be

reduced with little trouble. To distract the attention of the enemy, a detachment was at the same time to attack Fort Stanwix on the Mohawk river.

For an expedition like this, which required courage, promptitude, perseverance, and a mind fertile in resources, no chief could be more proper than General Burgoyne. To him, therefore, it was decided by government that it should be committed; and he accepted the charge. Eight thousand regulars, two thousand Canadians, and one thousand savages, was the strength which he considered as necessary to effect the march to Albany.

Upon his joining the army, however, he found, that it consisted of barely seven thousand regulars, that not more than a hundred and fifty Canadians could be got together, and that the number of Indians could not be increased beyond four hundred. This defalcation in point of numbers was of no small consequence. By a fatal error in judgment of the ministers at home, he was also tied up from acting on the side of the Connecticut river, a measure which he had suggested, as being

advisable under certain circumstances: his orders were peremptory to force his way to Albany.

The army set out from St. John's on the 14th of June, 1777, and encamped at the river Bouquet, on the western side of Lake Champlain, near Crown Point. At this place, five days after his departure from St. John's, the General met the Indians in congress, and, according to the usual custom, gave them a war feast. To repress their native barbarity, he addressed them in a speech recommending humanity to the enemy, and promising rewards for prisoners, but assuring them that all claims they might make for scalps would be looked into with a very suspicious eye. His next step was to issue a manifesto to the Americans, in which their hopes and fears were alternately worked upon, in order to induce their return to obedience.

Having made some stay at Crown Point, for the purpose of establishing a hospital and magazines, and for other necessary services, the army advanced towards Ticonderoga. Every exertion had been made by the Americans, to render this position impregnable. All approach was, from the very

situation of the place, a matter of difficulty, and in aid of its intrinsic strength, numberless redoubts and lines had been raised, the whole of which were crowded with artillery. The river was closed by a bridge and boom, on the construction of which incredible labour had been bestowed. For more than ten months the whole of the works had been carrving on.

Great as these advantages were they could not give spirits to the garrison of the place, before which the royal army appeared on the 2d of July, and immediately made preparation for commencing the siege. After three days of hesitation, during which the British army made incredible exertions in opening roads and levelling ground for the erection of batteries, the American commanders took the resolution of abandoning Ticonderoga, in which they left behind them a prodigious train of artillery. Their retreat was discovered at the dawn of the 6th. A rapid pursuit was instantly begun, and continued with such vigour that the naval force of the enemy was come up with near Skenesborough falls. An action ensued, in which their vessels were totally destroyed. Hopeless of making any stand at Skenesborough, the American troops retired, after destroying, as

well as they could, the various works which had been raised for its defence. They were followed by the British, and defeated in two engagements, with great slaughter.

At Skenesborough, General Burgoyne was compelled to wait several days for the arrival of tents, baggage, and provisions. While the army remained here it was incessantly employed in opening roads, by the way of Fort Anne, to advance against the enemy. The difficulty of this task is not easily described. In itself a wilderness, the country was rendered still more impracticable by the number of trees which had been felled in all directions, and piled upon each other, and which must of necessity be removed before a step could be taken. So intersected too was the ground with creeks and marshes, that no less than forty bridges were obliged to be constructed in the course of a few miles, independently of the repairs of others.

In spite of every obstacle the army, towards the end of July, arrived near Fort Edward, which was abandoned by the enemy, who retired to Saratoga. Here, notwithstanding the most strenuous endeavours were used to forward the service, a halt of fifteen days was found indispensable for

the purpose of bringing forward batteaux, provisions, and ammunition, from Fort Anne. Neither oxen nor horses were to be procured, and the country was besides inundated with continued rain. Intelligence was here received that Colonel St. Leger had begun the siege of Fort Stanwix. General Burgoyne, therefore, determined to cross the Hudson's river. But, though every nerve had been strained, the provision in store was very trifling. A supply, however, must absolutely be obtained. The rebels had established a magazine at Bennington, and it was hoped that by surprising it, a large proportion of what was wanted might be secured to the army. On this service Lieutenant-Colonel Baum was dispatched, with about five hundred men. The army, at the same time, moved along the Hudson, and threw a bridge over it opposite Saratoga. Baum had not reached Bennington, when he received advice that the enemy were in great force at that place. He accordingly halted, and sent off to the English camp for assistance. It was dispatched, but before its arrival Baum had been attacked, and his whole party killed or made prisoners. Ignorant of his defeat the detachment which had been sent to his succour continued to advance, was unfortunately surrounded by the victorious Americans, and suf-

fered very severely in making its retreat. Six hundred men were lost to the army by these two engagements. Shortly after, Colonel St. Leger was compelled to retire from before Fort Stanwix.

Nearly thirty days provision having been collected the army crossed the Hudson, about the middle of September, and encamped at Saratoga. The enemy's force was at Stillwater. The British advanced to attack them in that position, and an obstinate battle ensued, in which much honour, but no solid advantage, was gained by the assailants. The field of battle, it is true, remained in our possession, but nothing more, and it was dearly paid for by the fall of a number of brave men. Nothing could be done against the hostile camp, all approach to which was rendered impracticable by natural obstacles, as well as by numerous fortifications. Every day also swelled the force of the Americans, and lessened that of the British.

Still hoping that, by the approach of an army up the Hudson from New York, he should be enabled to accomplish the purpose of the campaign, General Burgoyne decided upon holding his position as long as possible. Great exertions

were accordingly made to secure it by strong lines and redoubts. Disgusted at the difficulty of the service, and the little share to be met with of plunder, the Indians were daily deserting the army; nor was much more reliance to be placed on the Canadians and Provincials. The hardships to which the troops were exposed became consequently greater every hour; but not a complaint nor murmur was heard from a single individual.

While the General was sufficiently occupied in front, by the army of Gates and Arnold, a daring attempt was made to shut him up in the rear. From the head of the Connecticut a body of fifteen hundred men marched, with the utmost secresy, and without being discovered, against Ticonderoga, and succeeded in surprising some of the outposts of that place. They made reiterated assaults upon the fortress itself, for four days; but, being every time repulsed, they at last thought it prudent to retire.

The month of October opened, and no assistance was at hand to extricate the General from his perilous situation. He now found it expedient to put the troops upon a shorter allowance. The

cheerfulness with which they submitted to this measure is deserving of the highest praise. The force of the enemy was by this time increased to a most formidable magnitude. It consisted, indeed, of not less than eighteen thousand men. In this state of things the British General judged it advisable, on the 7th of October, to make a movement towards the enemy's left, to discover whether it was possible to open a passage forward, or, if that could not be done, at least so far to dislodge him as would facilitate a retreat. This motion was also designed to cover a forage of the army.

Fifteen hundred men, with eight cannon and two howitzers, were destined for this purpose. The General himself commanded them, and was seconded by some of his best officers. But Arnold, who had perceived how critical his situation would be if he were turned, did not wait to receive an attack. With far superior numbers to his adversary he quitted his position, and gave battle to the division which was advancing against him. Constantly reinforced by fresh battalions he succeeded, after a desperate conflict, in driving the British to their camp, which was immediately assaulted in various parts. Arnold himself was

finally repulsed, but the Americans broke into the lines in that quarter which was defended by Colonel Breyman. An opening was thus made on the right and the rear.

The position being no longer tenable it was resolved to abandon it, and take post on the heights above the hospital, by which the front would be changed, and the enemy compelled to form a new disposition. This delicate and dangerous movement was effected in the night without loss or disorder. Battle was next day offered to the Americans, but was prudently declined.

The march of the enemy to turn the right of the British obliged the latter to leave their favourable ground, and retire towards Saratoga. By the morning of the tenth the whole of the army had crossed the fords of the Fishkill, near that place, and posted itself in a strong situation. It was followed there by the Americans, who took every step which could preclude the possibility of escape. For a moment they entertained the idea of attacking the Royal army in its camp, and preparations to this intent were actually made, but on consideration the scheme was relinquished, as

fraught with hazard, and likely to produce the most fatal consequences. Had it been pursued an entire defeat of the assailants would, in all probability, have been the result.

Far from all succour, surrounded in the most difficult of countries by an army more than four times his own in numbers, provisions growing short, the regiments mouldering away, every part of the camp exposed to grape and rifle shot, and without power to compel the enemy to an action, the General assembled a council of war to deliberate upon the measures to be taken in so painful an exigency. Such were the circumstances of the case, that to advance, retreat, or engage, was equally impossible. The unanimous voice of the council, therefore, was for entering upon a negotiation.

The first proposals drawn up by General Gates were rejected with indignation, as oppressive and dishonourable. He was informed that, sooner than accept them, the army, to a man, would perish with their weapons in their hands. To this inflexibility of Burgoyne, Gates yielded with a good grace. It was finally settled that the British army

should march out of its camp with all the honours of war, and should be sent to Europe, on condition of not serving in America during the present war. The officers, previous to embarkation, were to keep their swords, and on no account to be separated from their men, private property was to be held sacred, and the baggage neither to be searched nor molested.

Though foiled in his efforts, and obliged at last to capitulate, the reputation of General Burgoyne was considerably increased, in the eyes of unprejudiced military men, by this unfortunate expedition. Unable to command success, he had omitted nothing by which he could deserve it. All that man could do or suffer had been done and suffered by him to ensure an ultimate triumph; and, had he not first been tied down by peremptory orders, and then left to make his way, through a thousand obstacles, with a force at once insufficient and unsupported, there is little or no doubt that the great purpose for which the enterprise was originally planned would have been accomplished in the fullest manner.

The news of the Saratoga convention was received by the ministers in England with the most

bitter vexation. Pressed already beyond endurance by the opposition, they were well aware that this additional heavy misfortune would be urged against them in parliament with all the powers of argument and eloquence. To throw the blame on the General was the best means of escaping reproach that suggested itself to their minds. No open attack was indeed immediately made in either house, but insinuations and hints were not spared. The herd of pensioned writers acted with more boldness, and scattered about invectives and calumnies against the General with a liberal hand.

Early in 1778 he arrived in England. An audience with his sovereign was requested, and refused. A court of enquiry, appointed to examine his case, declared him, as a prisoner on parole, to be out of its cognizance; and a court martial, which he next insisted upon, was denied him on the same ground. Parliament alone remained upon which he could throw himself for a hearing. After a short stay at Bath, for the restoration of his health, he accordingly, on the 26th of May, attended his duty in the House of Commons, and vindicated his conduct in a long, animated, and satisfactory speech. Two days after this he made

another of equal, or perhaps still greater merit, in which he arraigned with pointed severity the weakness and incapacity of those who held the reins of government. Some management had been observed towards him by ministers during the first debate, but they were now goaded into the most determined hostility. To get rid entirely of all further trouble from him, a weak attempt was made by some of them to exclude him from the house, under pretence that, as a prisoner of war, he could have no right to speak or vote. Much personality was used upon the occasion. This miserable attack he indignantly repelled, and the Speaker being appealed to for his opinion on the subject, his decision was given in favour of the General.

As this mode of getting rid of him had failed it was resolved to try another. A lucky opportunity of effecting this had, it was thought, occurred, in the circumstance of Congress having, upon the most frivolous pretexts, declined to ratify the convention, until advices of its having been approved of by the English ministry had arrived in America. An order from the secretary of war was accordingly sent him in the beginning of June to repair to New England, his presence there being

necessary to the troops. Obedience to this order he very properly declined. A long correspondence took place on this subject, in which he appears to great advantage. The business ended by his voluntary resignation of all his appointments, amounting, it has been said, to £3,500 a year. His rank in the army he, however, retained, in order to render him amenable to a court martial hereafter, and to enable him to fulfil his personal faith with the enemy.

The long-desired time for defending his calumniated character at length arrived. A committee had, on the repeated demands of Sir William Howe, been appointed in 1771, to enquire into his own conduct during the American war. Before the sittings of this committee were closed, Burgoyne succeeded in procuring evidence to be examined before it with respect to the proceedings of the army under his command. The result was such as could not but be highly flattering to his feelings. Every officer that was examined gave the strongest testimony to his bravery and superior talents. It did not appear that a single fault had been found with any of his plans or movements by the most enlightened judges who were

on service with him; but it did clearly appear that he enjoyed the entire confidence of his army, and that, in situations of the most trying nature, in the face of disaster, of danger, and of death, he was looked up to by his troops with the warmest affection, and the most undoubting reliance; that they were at all times ready to suffer, to fight, and to perish with him. The committee was shortly after suddenly dissolved, without having passed a single resolution upon the momentous subject which had been referred to its consideration.

In 1780 he appeared before the public with two productions of very dissimilar natures. The first of these was *A State of the Expedition from Canada, as laid before the House of Commons, and verified by Evidence.* It was inscribed, in an elegant and affectionate address, to the officers of the army which he had commanded against the Americans, and is conclusive in his behalf. He narrates, in a concise and perspicuous manner, yet with great spirit, the whole of the transactions which took place; and he supports his narrative by incontestable documents. His other literary effort was a comic opera, in three acts, called *The Lord of the Manor*, which was received with

much applause. It is a light, but lively and well-conducted little piece, far superior in merit to many later favourites of the same kind. In the course of it, many severe and witty sarcasms are aimed at the administration which was then in power. The music is by Jackson, of Exeter, and in some parts is entitled to more than common praise.

The party which had so long and so eloquently opposed the ruinous war with America having at last been called to share in the toils and the honours of government, General Burgoyne was not forgotten. He was on the 16th of April, 1782, appointed Commander in Chief of His Majesty's Forces in Ireland, and a few days after, a member of the privy council of that country. The rank of commander in chief, however, he retained not quite two years. His friends having been displaced, his situation was filled, on the entrance into office of the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, by Lieutenant-General William Augustus Pitt.

The new administration soon found itself vigorously attacked by the party in opposition. No pains were spared to render it an object of hatred

and contempt. To accomplish these ends the powers both of wit and argument were incessantly employed. Of the weapons used in the lighter of these two modes of hostility, the *Criticisms on the Rolliad*, and the *Probationary Odes* was, perhaps, the most offensive to the minister and his friends. These exquisitely witty and satirical compositions are in possession of an established fame, which has not often fallen to the lot of party writings. Since their first appearance in 1785, no less than twenty-one editions of them have been published. The *Westminster Guide*, and one of the *Probationary Odes*, was contributed by General Burgoyne. Both these pieces are reprinted in the present collection of his Works.

These sportive effusions were a prelude to a composition of a more dignified nature, which affixed the seal to his reputation as a dramatic author. In 1786 appeared the comedy of *The Heiress*. It was welcomed, by crowded audiences, with that distinguished applause which it so well merited. Nor was it less attractive in the closet. The sale of ten editions in one year bore ample testimony to its merits, as a chaste, a spirited, and polished composition.

He not long after gave to the stage an adaptation of Sedaine's historical romance of *Richard Cœur de Lion*, and was again successful in his claim to public approbation. The piece had a very flattering run, and has been since revived at Drury Lane Theatre, where it originally appeared.

At an early period of his parliamentary career, we have seen him active in the pursuit and exposure of Indian delinquency. After a lapse of thirteen years he was now called upon to assist others in the performance of a similar task. He was chosen in 1787, one of the committee of managers for conducting the impeachment of Mr. Hastings. Under this character he, during the course of the trial, moved the censure of the house upon Major Scott, for a libel on the conduct of the committee. The motion was carried. His steady performance of his duty as a manager exposed him to a malignant but pointless attack, from an anonymous libeller, who published a collection of epistles, the poetical style of which was in humble imitation of that which has been long and justly admired in the New Bath Guide. The conclusion of Mr. Hastings's trial the General did not live to

witness. His death took place on the 4th of June, from a sudden attack of the gout, at his house in Hertford Street, May Fair, and was an unexpected stroke to his friends, as he had been out, in apparent good health, the preceding day. He was buried, in a very private manner, on the 13th, in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey. Only one coach, containing four gentlemen, attended his funeral. No memorial, not even a simple stone, marks the spot where his remains are interred. Fortunately, however, genius and valour are not compelled to rely upon the weak assistance of either brass or marble for the perpetuation of their memory.

THE

MAID OF THE OAKS,

A

DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT

IN FIVE ACTS,

WRITTEN BY

JOHN BURGOYNE, ESQ.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

PROLOGUE.

UNLIKE to *ancient Fame*, all eyes, tongues, ears,
See *modern Fame*, dress'd cap-a-pee, appears,
In *Ledgers, Chronicles, Gazettes*, and *Gazetteers:*
My soaring wings are fine Election speeches,
And puffs of Candidates supply my breeches:
My Cap is Satire, Criticism, Wit;
Is there a head that wants it in the Pit? [*Offering it.*
No flowing robe and trumpet me adorn;
I wear a *jacket*, and I wind a *horn*.
Pipe, Song, and Pastoral, for five months past,
Puff'd well by *me*, have been the gen'ral taste.
Now Marybone shines forth to gaping crowds!
Now Highgate *glitters* from her hill of clouds!
St. George's Fields, with taste and fashion struck,
Display Arcadia at the Dog and Duck!
And Drury Misses—'*here in carmine pride:*
*Are there Pastoras by the fountain side**?
To frowsy bow'rs they reel through midnight damps,
With Fauns half drunk, and Dryads breaking lamps,
Both far and near did this new whimsy run,
One night it frisk'd, forsooth, at *Islington:*
And now, as for the public bound to cater,
Our Manager must have his *Fête Champêtre*—

* *Arcadia's Countess* here *in* ermine *pride*
Is there *Pastora by a fountain side.*—POPE.

How is the weather? pretty clear and bright? [*Looking about.*
A storm's the devil on Champétre night!
Lest it should fall to spoil the Author's scenes,
I'll catch this gleam to tell you what he means:
He means a show, as brilliant as at Cox's—
Laugh for the Pit—and may be *at* the Boxes—
Touches of passion, tender, though not tragic,
Strokes at the times—a kind of Lantern Magic;
Song, chorus, frolic, dance, and rural play,
The merry-making of a wedding-day.
Whose is this piece?—'tis all surmise—suggestion—
Is't *his*?—or *her's*?—or *your's*, sir? that's the question:
The parent, bashful, whimsical, or poor,
Left it a puling infant at the door:
'Twas laid on flowers, and wrapt in fancied cloaks,
And on the breast was written—MAID O' TH' OAKS.
The actors crowded round; the girls caress'd it,
'Lord! the sweet pretty babe!'—they prais'd and bless'd it,
The Master peep'd—smil'd—took it in and dress'd it.
Whate'er its birth, protect it from the curse
Of being smother'd by a parish nurse!
As you're *kind*, rear it—if you're *curious* praise it,
And ten to one but vanity betrays it.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. Oldworth	MR. AICKIN
Old Groveby	MR. KING
Sir Harry Groveby	MR. PALMER
Mr. Dupeley	MR. DODD
Hurry	MR. SUETT
Painter	MR. MOODY
Architect	MR. WRIGHTEN
Druid	MR. BANNISTER.

Shepherds.

Lady Bab Lardoon	MRS. ABINGDON
Maria	MRS. CROUCH.

Shepherdesses.

Gardeners, Carpenters, Painters, &c.

THE

MAID OF THE OAKS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Part of an ornamented Farm.

Enter Sir HARRY GROVEBY *and Mr.* DUPELEY, *meeting.*

Sir Harry.

DEAR Charles, welcome to England, and doubly welcome to Oldworth's Oaks—Friendship I see has wings, as well as love—you arrive at the moment I wished: I hope in your haste you have not forgot a fancy dress.

Dupeley. No, no; I am a true friend, and prepar'd for all your whimsies, amorous and poetical. Your summons found me the day after my arrival, and I took post immediately—next to my eagerness to see you, was that of being in time for the Fête Champétre—Novelty and pleasure are the beings I pursue—They have led me half the world over al-

ready, and for ought I know they may sometime or other carry me to Otaheite.

Sir Harry. You have pursued but their shadows—here they reign, in the manners of this New Arcadia, and the smiles of the sweet Maid of the Oaks.

Dupeley. Who, in the name of curiosity, is she that bears this romantic title? for your letter was a mere eclogue; the devil a thing could I make out, but a rhapsody upon rural innocence, and an invitation from a gentleman I did not know, to an entertainment I never saw—What, are we to have a representation of the Pastor-fido in a garden?

Sir Harry. The Pastor-fido is before you *in propria persona;* the business of the day is a wedding, and Charles Dupeley is invited to see his friend, Sir Harry Groveby, united to the most charming of her sex.

Dupeley. The devil it is! What, a young fellow of your hopes and fortune, sacrificed to a marriage of romance! But, pr'ythee, relieve my impatience, and tell me who she is.

Sir Harry. An orphan ward of the worthy old gentleman, at whose seat you now are: his character is singular, and as amiable in its way as her's. Inheriting a great estate, and liberally educated, his disposition led him early to a country life, where

his benevolence and hospitality are boundless; and these qualities, joined with an imagination bordering upon the whimsical, have given a peculiar turn to the manners of the neighbourhood, that, in my opinion, degrades the polish of courts—but judge of the original.

Enter OLDWORTH.

Mr. Oldworth, I present you my friend; he is just arrived from abroad; I will not repeat how much he is worthy of your friendship.

Oldworth. To be worthy of your's, Sir Harry, is the best recommendation.—[*To Dupeley.*] Sir, your friend is going to receive from my hands a lovely girl, whose merit he has discern'd and lov'd for its own sake: such nuptials should recal the ideas of a better age; he has permitted me to celebrate them upon my own plan, and I shall be happy to receive the judgment of an accomplish'd critic.

Dupeley. Sir, by what I already see of Oldworth's Oaks, and know of the character of the master, I am persuaded the talent most necessary for the company will be that of giving due praise.

Enter HURRY.

Hurry. Lord, sir, come down to the building directly—all the trades are together by the ears—

it is for all the world like the tower of Babylon—they have drove a broad-wheel waggon over two hampers of wine, and it is all running among lilies and honeysuckles—one of the cooks stumbled over one of the clouds, and threw a ham and chickens into a tub of white-wash—a lamp-lighter spilt a gallon of oil into a cream'd apple-tart, and they have sent for more roses, and there is not one left within twenty miles.

Oldworth. Why, honest Hurry, if there is none to be had, you need not be in such haste about 'em—Mercy on us! my fête has turn'd this poor fellow's head already, he will certainly get a fever.

Hurry. Get a favour, sir!—why there has not been one left these three hours; all the girls in the parish have been scrambling for them, and I must get a hundred yards more—Lord a mercy! there is so much to do at once, and nobody to do it, that it is enough to moider one's head.

[*Oldworth and Hurry talk together.*

Dupeley. Ha, ha, ha! is this one of the examples you produce, Sir Harry, to degrade the polish of courts?

Sir Harry. If I did, have you never met with a courtier in your travels, as busy, as important, and as insignificant, upon yet more trifling occasions?—Why, my friend Hurry is the true bustle of an

anti-chamber, with this difference, that there is rather more attachment and fidelity to the master at the bottom of it.

[*During this speech Hurry is expressing by his action his impatience for Oldworth to go.*

Hurry. La, sir, if you loiter longer, I tell you they will all be at loggerheads—they were very near it when I came away. [*Exit.*

Oldworth. Mr. Dupeley, you'll excuse me—Hurry convinces me my presence is necessary elsewhere—this is a busy day!

Dupeley. The greatest compliment you can pay me, is not to look upon me as a stranger.

Oldworth. I forgot to tell you, Sir Harry, that Lady Bab Lardoon is in the neighbourhood, and I expect her every moment—she promised to be with us long before the hour of general invitation.

Dupeley. Who is she pray?

Sir Harry. Oh, she's a superior! a phœnix!—more worthy your curiosity than any object of your travels!—She is an epitome, or rather a caricature of what is call'd *very* fine life, and the first female gamester of the time.

Oldworth. For all that, she is amiable—one cannot help discerning and admiring the natural excellence of her heart and understanding; though she

is an example, that neither is proof against a false education, and a rage for fashionable excesses—But when you see her, she will best explain herself—This fellow will give me no rest.

Hurry. [*Returns.*] Rest, sir, why I have not slept this fortnight; come along, sir, pray make haste—nothing's to be done without it.

Oldworth. Nor with it, honest Hurry.

[*Exit with Hurry.*

Dupeley. A cunning old fellow, I warrant!—with 'his ward, and his love of merit for its own sake'—ha, ha, ha! pry'thee, how came your acquaintance in this odd family?

Sir Harry. Don't sneer, and I will tell you—By mere chance, in a progress of amusement to this side the country: the story is too delicate for thy relish, suffice it that I came, saw, and lov'd—I laid my rank and fortune at the fair-one's feet, and would have married instantly; but that Oldworth opposed my precipitancy, and insisted upon a probation of six months' absence—It has been a purgatory!

Dupeley. All this is perfectly *en regle* for a man of home education—I should like to see the woman that could entangle *me* in this manner.

Sir Harry. There is not a fellow in England has a more susceptible heart; you may have learnt in your foreign tour to disguise it, but if you have lost

it, put all your acquisitions together, and the balance will be against you.

Dupeley. I have learned at least, not to have it imposed upon: shew me but a woman from an Italian princess to a figurante at the French opera; or change the scene, and carry me to the rural nymphs from a vintage in Burgundy, to a dance round a maypole at Oldworth's Oaks—and at the first glance I will discover the whole extent of their artifice, find their true lure, and bring them to my hand as easily as a tame sparrow.

Sir Harry. And pray, my sagacious friend, upon what circumstances have you formed your suspicions that I am more likely to be impos'd upon than yourself?

Dupeley. Upon every one I have seen and heard; but above all upon that natural propensity of every true homebred Englishman, to think one woman different from another—Now I hold there is but one woman in the world.

Sir Harry. I perfectly agree, and Maria is that charming one.

Dupeley. Ay, but Maria, and Lady Bab, and Pamela Andrews, and Clarissa Harlowe, and the girl that steals a heart in a country church, or she that picks your pocket in Covent-garden, are one and

the same creature for all that—I am always too quick for them, and make fools of them first—Oh, do but try them by the principle I have laid down, you'll find them as transparent as glass.

Sir Harry. My own principle will answer my purpose just as well; with that perspective I have looked through the woman, and discovered the angel; and you will do the same when you see her, or never brag of your eyesight more.

Dupeley. Rhapsody and enthusiasm!—I should as soon discover Mahomet's seventh heaven; but what says your uncle, Old Groveby, to this match?

Sir Harry. Faith I have asked him no questions, and why should I? when I know what must be his answer.

Dupeley. Oh, he can never disapprove a passion that soars above the stars!

Sir Harry. He has all the prejudices of his years, and worldly knowledge; the common old gentleman's character—You may see it in every drama from the days of Terence to those of Congreve; though not perhaps with quite so much good humour, and so little obstinacy as my uncle shews. He is ever most impetuous, when most kind; and I dare trust his resentment will end with a dramatic forgiveness. Should it not, I may have pride in the

sacrifice of his estate, but no regret—So much for fortune, Charles—are there any other means to reconcile me to your approbation?

Dupeley. 'Gad I know but one more—Have you laid any plan for succeeding at the divorce-shop next winter? It would be some comfort to your friends, to see you had a retreat in your head.

Sir Harry. Charles, I have listened to your raillery with more patience than it deserves, and should at last be out of humour with such an importation of conceit and affectation, if I was not sure your good sense would soon get the better of it. This is called knowing the world—to form notions without, perhaps, ever seeing a man in his natural character, or conversing with a woman of principle; and then, for fear of being imposed upon, be really dup'd out of the most valuable feelings in human nature, confidence in friendship, and esteem in love.

Enter HURRY.

Hurry. Lord, sir, I am out of breath to find you; why almost every thing is ready, except yourself; and Madam Maria is gone to the Grove, and she is so dress'd, and looks so charming!

Sir Harry. Propitious be the hour!—here, Hurry, find out this gentleman's servant, and shew him where he is to dress. [*Exit.*

Dupeley. Oh, take care of yourself, Corydon the first, I shall be time enough: Hurry shall first shew me a little of the preparation—what is going forward here? [*Approaching the side-scene.*

Hurry. Hold, sir, not that way; my master lets nobody see his devices and figaries there.

Dupeley. Why, what is he doing there, Hurry?

Hurry. Doing!—as you are a gentleman, I will tell you what he is doing—I hope nobody hears us. [*Looking about.*] Why, he is going to make the sun shine at midnight, and he is covering it with a thousand yards of sail-cloth, for fear the rain should put it out—Lord, such doings!—here, this way, your honour.

Dupeley. But hark'ee, honest Hurry, do stand still a moment to oblige me.

Hurry. Stand still, sir!—Lord, sir, if I stand still, every thing stands still: and then what a fine *Sham-Peter* should we make of it! [*Always restless.*

Dupeley. You seem to know every thing here?

Hurry. To be sure I do—I am no fool I believe—What think you, sir?

Dupeley. He that takes you for a fool, is not over wise, I warrant him; therefore let me ask you a question or two.

Hurry. To-morrow, sir, with all my heart; but I have so many questions to ask myself, and so

many answers to give, that I have not five minutes to spare.

Dupeley. Three minutes will do my business: who is this Maid of the Oaks, friend Hurry?

Hurry. A young lady, sir.

Dupeley, I thought as much. [*Smiling.*] You are a courtier, friend Hurry.

Hurry. I court her!—Heaven forbid!—she's going to be married, sir.

Dupeley. Well said, Simplicity! If you won't tell me *who* she is, tell me *what* she is?

Hurry. She is one of the most charmingest, sweetest, delightfulest, mildest, beautifulest, modestest, genteelest, never to be prais'd enough, young creature in all the world!

Dupeley. True courtier again! Who is her father, pray?

Hurry. It is a wise child that knows its own father; Lord bless her! she does not want a father.

Dupeley. Not while Mr. Oldworth lives.

Hurry. Nor when he is dead neither; every body would be glad to be her father, and every body wishes to be her husband; and so, sir, if you have more questions to ask, I'll answer them another time, for I am wanted here, and there, and every where. [*Bustles about.*

Dupeley. Shew me my chamber to dress, and I'll desire no more of you at present.

Hurry. Bless your honour for letting me go; I have been very miserable all the while you were talking to me—this way, this way, sir. [*Exit.*

Dupeley. What a character!—yet he has his cunning, though the simplest swain in this region of perfect innocence, as Sir Harry calls it—ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *An outside Building, Workmen of all sorts passing to-and-fro.*

Architect. [*As speaking to persons at work behind the side-scene.*] Come, bustle away, my lads, strike the scaffold, and then for the twelve o'clock tankard; up with the rest of the festoons there on the top of the columns.

First Gardener. Holloa! you sir, where are you running with those flowers?

Second Gardener. They're wanted for the Arcades; we can have no deceit there—if you want more here, you may make them of paper—any thing will go off by candle-light.

First Lamp-lighter. [*Running.*] They want above a hundred more lamps yonder, for the illumination of the portico.

Second Lamp-lighter. Then they may get tallow-candles; I shan't have enough to make the sky clear in the saloon—that damn'd Irish painter has made his ground so dingy, one might as soon make his head transparent as his portico.

Enter Irish PAINTER.

Painter. Arrah! what is that you say of my head, Mr. Lamp-lighter?

Second Lamp-lighter. I say you have spoil'd the transparency, by putting black where you should have put blue.

Painter. [*Dabbing his brush across his face.*] There's a black eye for you; and you may be thankful you got it so easily—Trot away with your ladder upon your shoulder, or the devil fire me but you shall have black and blue both, my dear.

Architect. [*Returning.*] Good words, good words, gentlemen; no quarrelling—Your servant, Mr. O'Daub; upon my word you have hit off those ornaments very well—the first painter we have here could not have done better.

Painter. No, faith, I believe not, for all his hard name; sure O'Daub was a scene-painter before he was born, though I believe he is older than I too.

Architect. You a scene-painter!

Painter. Ay, by my soul was I, and for foreign countries too.

Architect. Where was that pray?

Painter. Faith, I painted a whole set for the Swish, who carries the Temple of Jerusalem about upon his back, and it made his fortune, though he got but a halfpenny a-piece for his show.

Architect. [*Ironically.*] I wish we had known your merits, you should certainly have been employ'd in greater parts of the work.

Painter. And, by my soul, it would have been better for you if you had—I would have put out Mr. Lanterbug's stars with one dash of my pencil, by making them five times more bright—Ho! if you had seen the sign of a setting sun, that I painted for a linendraper, in Bread-street, in Dublin—Devil burn me but the Auroree of O'Guide was a fool to it.

Architect. O'Guide!—Who is he? Guid-o, I suppose you mean.

Painter. And if he has an O to his name, what signifies whether it comes before or behind—Faith, I put it like my own of O'Daub, on the right side, to make him sound more like a gentleman—besides it is more melodious in the mouth, honey.

Enter CARPENTERS, *&c.*

First Carpenter. Well, sir, the scaffold's down, and we are woundy dry—we have toil'd like horses.

Architect. Rest you merry, Master Carpenter—take a draught of the 'Squire's liquor, and welcome, you shall swim in it, when all is over.

Painter. Faith let me have one merry quarter of an hour before we at it again, and it will be no loss of time neither—we will make the next quarter after, as good as an hour—and so his honour and the *sham-peter* will gain by the loss.

First Gardener, Well said, O'Daub! and if you will give us the song you made, the quarter of an hour will be merrier still,

Architect. Can you rhyme, O'Daub?

Painter. Yes, faith, as well as paint—all the difference is, I do one with a brush, and t'other with a pen; I do one with my head, and both with my hands—and if any of the poets of 'em all can produce better rhymes and raisins too within the gardens, I'll be content to have one of my own brushes ramm'd down my throat, and so spoil me for a singer as well as a poet hereafter.

Architect. Well said, Master Painter!

Enter the several TRADESMEN.

SONG.

By the Irish PAINTER, *to an Irish Tune.*

Then away to Champétre, Champétre come all away,
To work at Champétre is nothing at all but play;
As I know nothing of it, no more, my dear, will I say,
But Champétre for ever, for ever, and ay, I say!

You may guess what a sight, for it never has yet been seen,
Heav'n bless her sweet face! 'tis a sight for the lovely queen;
For lords, and for earls, and for gentlefolks too,
And the busy beau monde, who have nothing to do.
Then away to Champétre, &c.

While 'tis light you'll see nothing, when darker, O then you'll see,
That the darker it is, the more light it will quickly be;
The moon and the stars, they may twinkle and go to bed,
We can make better sun-shine, than such as they ever made.
Then away to Champétre, &c.

Such crowds and confusions, such uproar and such
delight,
With lamps hung by thousands, to turn day into
night;
There will be Russians, Turks, Prussians, and
Dutchmen, so bright and gay,
And they'll all be so fine, they'll have nothing at all
to say.
Then away to Champétre, &c.

Then let's take a drink to the 'Squire of the Jolly
Oaks,
May no crabbed critics come here with their gibes
or jokes;
If they did, I could make the dear creatures soon
change their notes,
With my little black brush I could sweep clean
their noisy throats!
Then away to Champétre, &c.
[*Exeunt singing.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. The Oaks.

MARIA, *sitting under a great Tree.*

COME sing round my favourite tree,
You songsters that visit the grove,
'Twas the haunt of my shepherd and me,
And the bark is a record of love.

Reclin'd on the turf by my side,
He tenderly pleaded his cause;
I only with blushes replied,
And the nightingale fill'd up the pause.
Da Capo.—Come sing, &c.

Enter OLDWORTH.

Oldworth. Joy to my sweet Maria! may long succeeding years resemble this, her bridal hour! may health, and peace, and love, still inspire her song, and make the harmony of her voice an emblem of her life! But come, my girl, if there is a wish remaining in your heart within my power to gratify, I hope, in this last hour of my cares, I shall not be a stranger to it.

Maria. If I have a wish you have not indulged, sir, I fear it must be an improper one, or it would not have escaped you.

Oldworth. You seem disconcerted, Maria; be more explicit.

Maria. My mind is incapable of reserve with you; the most generous of men is on the point of giving his hand to your—what shall I call myself? I am almost nameless, but as the creature of your bounty and cares, this title gives me a value in my own eyes; but I fear it is all I have to boast. The mystery you have kept, makes me apprehensive there is something in my origin ought to be concealed—what am I to interpret from your smiles?

Oldworth. Every thing that is contrary to your surmises: be patient, sweet Maid of the Oaks; before night all mysteries shall be cleared. It is not an ordinary wedding I celebrate, I prepare a feast for the heart—Lady Bab Lardoon, as I live!—the princess of dissipation! Catch an observation of her while you can, Maria; for though she has been but three days out of London, she is as uneasy as a mole in sun-shine, and would expire, if she did not soon dive into her old element again.

Enter Lady BAB.

Lady Bab. Dear Maria, I am happy to be the

first of your company to congratulate you—Well, Mr. Oldworth, I am delighted with the idea of your Fête; it is so novel, so French, so expressive of what every body understands, and no body can explain; then there is something so spirited in an undertaking of expence, where a shower of rain would spoil it all.

Oldworth. I did not expect to escape from so fine a lady, but you and the world have free leave to comment upon all you see here.

'Laugh where you must, be candid where you can.'

I only hope that to celebrate a joyful event upon any plan, that neither hurts the morals nor politeness of the company, and at the same time sets thousands of the industrious to work, cannot be thought blame-worthy.

Lady Bab. Oh, quite the contrary, and I am sure it will have a run; a force upon the seasons and the manners is the true test of a refined taste, and it holds good from a cucumber at Christmas, to an Italian opera.

Maria. Is the rule the same among the ladies, Lady Bab? Is it also a definition of their refinement to act in all things contrary to nature?

Lady Bab. Not absolutely in all things, though more so than people are apt to imagine; for even

in circumstances that seem most natural, fashion prompts ten times, where inclination prompts once; and there would be an end of gallantry at once in this country, if it was not for the sake of reputation.

Oldworth. What do you mean?

Lady Bab. Why, that a woman without a connection, grows every day a more awkward personage; one might as well go into company without powder—if one does not *really* despise old vulgar prejudices, it is absolutely necessary to affect it, or one must sit at home alone.

Oldworth. Indeed!

Lady Bab. Yes, like Lady Sprose, and talk morals to the parrot.

Maria. This is new, indeed; I always supposed that in places where freedom of manners was most countenanced, a woman of unimpeached conduct carried a certain respect.

Lady Bab. Only fit for sheep-walks and *Oakeries!*—I beg your pardon, Mr. Oldworth—in town it would just raise you to the whist-party of old Lady Cypher, Mrs. Squabble, and Lord Flimzey; and at every public place, you wou'd stand amongst the footmen to call your own chair, while all the macaronies passed by, whistling a song through their tooth-picks, and giving a shrug—'Dem it, 'tis a pity

that so fine a woman shou'd be lost to all common decency.'

Maria. [*Smiling.*] I believe I had better stay in the *Oakery*, as you call it; for I am afraid I shall never procure any *civility* in town, upon the terms required.

Lady Bab. Oh, my dear, you have chose a horrid word to express the intercourse of the bon ton; *civility* may be very proper in a mercer, when one is choosing a silk, but *familiarity* is the life of good company. I believe this is quite new since your time, Mr. Oldworth, but 'tis by far the greatest improvement the beau monde ever made.

Oldworth. A certain ease was always an essential part of good breeding; but Lady Bab must explain her meaning a little further, before we can decide upon the improvement.

Lady Bab. I mean that participation of society, in which the French used to excel, and we have now so much outdone our models—I maintain, that among the *superior* set—mind, I only speak of them —our men and women are put more upon a footing together in London, than they ever were before in any age or country.

Oldworth. And pray how has this happy revolution been effected?

Lady Bab. By the most charming of all institutions, wherein we shew the world, that liberty is as well understood by our women as by our men; we have our *Bill of Rights* and our *Constitution* too, as well as they—we drop in at all hours, play at all parties, pay our own reckonings, and in every circumstance (petticoats excepted) are true, lively, jolly fellows.

Maria. But does not this give occasion to a thousand malicious insinuations?

Lady Bab. Ten thousand, my dear—but no *great measures* can be effected without a contempt of popular clamour.

Oldworth. Paying of reckonings is, I confess, new since my time; and I should be afraid it might sometimes be a little heavy upon a lady's pocket.

Lady Bab. A mere trifle—one generally wins them—Jack Saunter of the guards, lost a hundred and thirty to me upon score at one time; I have not eat him half out yet—he will keep me best part of next winter; but, exclusive of that, the club is the greatest system of economy for married families ever yet established.

Oldworth. Indeed! but how so, pray?

Lady Bab. Why, all the servants may be put to board wages, or sent into the country, except the

footman—no plunder of house-keepers, or maitres d'hotel, no long butcher's bills—Lady Squander protests she has wanted no provision in her family these six months, except potatoes to feed the children, and a few frogs for the French governess—then our dinner-societies are so amusing, all the doves and hawks together, and one converses so freely; there's no topic of White's or Almack's, in which we do not bear a part.

Maria. Upon my word I should be a little afraid, that some of those subjects might not always be managed with sufficient delicacy for a lady's ear, especially an unmarried one.

Lady Bab. Bless me! why where's the difference? Miss must have had a strange education indeed, not to know as much as her chaperon: I hope you will not have the daughters black-ball'd, when the mothers are chose? Why it is almost the only place where some of them are likely to see each other.

Enter Sir HARRY GROVEBY.

Sir Harry. I come to claim my lovely bride—here at her favourite tree I claim her mine!—the hour is almost on the point, the whole country is beginning to assemble; every preparation of Mr. Oldworth's fancy is preparing.

And while the priests accuse the bride's delay,
Roses and myrtles shall obstruct her way.

Maria. Repugnance would be affectation, my heart is all your own, and I scorn the look or action that does not avow it.

Oldworth. Come, Sir Harry, leave your protestations, which my girl does not want; and see a fair stranger.

Lady Bab. Sir Harry, I rejoice at your happiness—and do not think me so tasteless, Maria, as not to acknowledge attachment like your's preferable to all others, when it can be had—*filer le parfait amour*, is the first happiness in life: but that you know is totally out of the question in town; the matrimonial comforts in *our* way are absolutely reduced to two; to plague a man, and to bury him; the glory is to plague him first, and *bury him* afterwards.

Sir Harry. I heartily congratulate Lady Bab, and all who are to partake of her conversation, upon her being able to bring so much vivacity into the country.

Lady Bab. Nothing but the Fête Champêtre could have effected it, for I set out in miserable spirits—I had a horrid run before I left town—I suppose you saw my name in the papers?

Sir Harry. I did, and therefore concluded there was not a word of truth in the report.

Maria. Your name in the papers, Lady Bab! for what, pray?

Lady Bab. The old story—it is a mark of insignificance now to be left out: have not they begun with you yet, Maria?

Maria. Not that I know of, and I am not at all ambitious of the honour.

Lady Bab. Oh, but you will have it—the Fête Champêtre will be a delightful subject:—To be complimented one day, laugh'd at the next, and abused the third; you can't imagine how amusing it is to read one's own name at breakfast in a morning paper.

Maria. Pray, how long may your ladyship have been accustomed to this pleasure?

Lady Bab. Lord, a great while, and in all its stages: they first began with a modest innuendo, 'We hear a certain lady, not a hundred miles from Hanover-square, lost at one sitting, some nights ago, two thousand guineas—*O tempora! O mores!*'

Oldworth. [*Laughing.*] Pray, Lady Bab, is this concluding ejaculation your own, or was it the printer's?

Lady Bab. His, you may be sure: a dab of Latin

adds surprising force to a paragraph, besides shewing the learning of the author.

Oldworth. Well, but really I don't see such a great matter in this; why should you suppose any body applied this paragraph to you?

Lady Bab. None but my intimates did, for it was applicable to half St. George's parish; but about a week after they honoured me with initials and italics: 'It is said, Lady B. L.'s ill success still continues at the quinze table: it was observed, the same lady appeared yesterday at court, in a *riband collier*, having laid aside her *diamond* necklace, (diamond in italics) as totally bourgeoise and unnecessary for the dress of a woman of fashion.'

Oldworth. To be sure this *was* advancing a little in *familiarity*.

Lady Bab. At last, to my infinite amusement, out I came at full length: 'Lady Bab Lardoon has tumbled down three nights successively; a certain colonel has done the same; and we hear that both parties keep house with sprained ancles.'

Oldworth. This last paragraph sounds a little enigmatical.

Maria. And do you really feel no resentment at all this?

Lady Bab. Resentment!—poor silly devils, if they did but know with what thorough contempt

those of my circle treat a remonstrance—but hark, I hear the pastoral's beginning. [*Music behind.*] Lord, I hope I shall find a shepherd!

Oldworth. The most elegant one in the world, Mr. Dupeley, Sir Harry's friend.

Lady Bab. You don't mean Charles Dupeley, who has been so long abroad?

Sir Harry. The very same; but I'm afraid he will never do, he is but half a macaroni.

Lady Bab. And very possibly the worst half: it is a vulgar idea to think foreign accomplishments fit a man for the polite world.

Sir Harry. Lady Bab, I wish you would undertake him; he seems to have contracted all the common-place affectation of travel, and thinks himself quite an overmatch for the fair-sex, of whom his opinion is as ill founded as it is degrading.

Lady Bab. O, is that his turn? what, he has been studying some late posthumous letters I suppose?—'twould be a delight to make a fool of such a fellow!—where is he?

Sir Harry. He is only gone to dress; I appointed to meet him on the other side the Grove; he'll be here in twenty minutes.

Lady Bab. I'll attend him there in your place—I have it—I'll try my hand a little at *naiveté*—he never saw me—the dress I am going to put on for

the Fête will do admirably to impose upon him: I'll make an example of his hypocrisy, and his *graces*, and his *usage du monde*.

Sir Harry. My life for it he will begin an acquaintance with you.

Lady Bab. If he don't, I'll begin with him: there are two characters under which one may say any thing to a man; that of perfect assurance, and of perfect innocence: Maria may be the best critic of the last; but under the *appearance* of it, lord have mercy!—I have heard and seen such things!

Enter HURRY, [*running.*]

Hurry. Here they come! here they come! give them room! pray, sir, stand a little back—a little further, your honourable ladyship, let the happy couple stand foremost—here they come!

Oldworth. And, pray, when you can find breath to be understood, who or what is coming, Hurry?

Hurry. All the cleverest lads and girls that could be picked out within ten miles round; they have garlands in one hand, and roses in another, and their pretty partners in another, and some are singing, and all so merry!

Oldworth. Stand still, Hurry; I foresaw you would be a sad master of the ceremonies; why they should not have appeared till the Lawn was full of

company; they were to have danced there—you let them in too soon by an hour.

Hurry. Lord, sir! 'twas impossible to keep them out.

Oldworth. Impossible! why, I am sure they did not knock you down.

Hurry. No, but they did worse; for the pretty maids smiled and smirked, and were so coaxing; and they called me dear Hurry, and sweet Hurry, and one call'd me pretty Hurry, and I did but just open the door a moment, flesh and blood could not resist it, and so they all rushed by.

Oldworth. Ay, and now we shall have the whole crowd of the country break in.

Hurry. No, sir, no, never be afraid; we keep out all the old ones.

Sir Harry. Ay, here they come cross the lawn —I agree with Hurry, flesh and blood could not stop them—Joy and gratitude are overbearing arguments, and they must have their course.

Hurry. Now, Sir Harry! now, your ladyship! you shall see such dancing, and hear such singing!

Enter first SHEPHERD, *very gaily, followed by a group of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*

SONG.

Shepherd.

Hither, ye swains, with dance and song,
Join your bands in sportive measure;
Hither, ye swains, with dance and song,
Merrily, merrily, trip it along:
'Tis holiday, lads, from the cares of your tillage,
Life, health, and joy, to the lord of the village.
Scenes of delight,
Round you invite,
Harmony, beauty, love, and pleasure:
Hither, ye swains, with dance and song,
Join your bands in sportive measure,
Chorus.—Hither ye swains, &c.

Shepherdess.

Hither, ye nymphs, and scatter around
Every sweet the spring discloses;
Hither, ye nymphs, and scatter them round;
With the bloom of the hour enamel the ground:
The feast of the day is devoted to beauty,
Sorrow is treason, and pleasure a duty:

Love shall preside,
Sovereign guide!
Fetter his winks with links of roses:
Hither, ye nymphs, and scatter around
Every sweet the spring discloses.
Chorus.—Hither ye nymphs, &c.

Both.

Lasses and lads, with dance and song,
Join your bands in sportive measure:
Lasses and lads, with dance and song,
Merrily, merrily trip it along:
An hour of youth is worth ages of reason,
'Tis the sunshine of life, take the gift of the season;
Scenes of delight,
Round you invite,
Harmony, beauty, love, and pleasure.
Chorus.—Lasses and lads, &c.

Hurry. So much for singing, and now for dancing; pray give 'em room, ladies and gentlemen.

[*Here a grand dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. The Garden Gate.

Noise without.

INDEED, sir, we can't! it is as much as our places are worth: pray don't insist upon it.

Enter Old GROVEBY, *booted and splashed, pushing in* HURRY.

Groveby. I must see Sir Harry Groveby, and I will see him. Do ye think, ye Jackanapes, that I come to rob the house?

Hurry. That is not the case, sir; nobody visits my master to-day without tickets; all the world will be here, and how shall we find room for all the world, if people were to come how they please, and when they please?

Groveby. What, have you a stage-play here, that one cannot be admitted without a ticket?

Hurry. As you don't know what we have here to-day, I must desire you to come to-morrow—Sir Harry won't see you to-day, he has a great deal of business upon his hands; and you can't be admitted without a ticket; and moreover you are in such a

pickle, and nobody will be admitted but in a fanciful dress.

Groveby. This is a dress after my own fancy, sirrah; and whatever pickle I am in, I will put you in a worse, if you don't immediately shew me to Sir Harry Groveby— [*Shaking his whip.*

Hurry. Sir Harry's going to be married—What would the man have?

Groveby. I would have a sight of him *before* he goes to be married. I shall mar his marriage, I believe. [*Aside.*]—I am his uncle, puppy, and ought to be at the wedding.

Hurry. Are you so, sir? Bless my heart! why would you not say so?—This way, good sir! it was impossible to know you in such a figure; I could sooner have taken you for a smuggler than his uncle; no offence, sir—If you will please to walk in that grove there, I'll find him directly—I'm sorry for what has happened—but you did not say you were a gentleman, and it was impossible to take you for one—no offence, I hope?

Groveby. None at all, if you do as I bid you.

Hurry. That I will, to be sure. I hope you are come to be merry, sir? [*Exit.*

Groveby. O, ay to be sure—It is true, I see; I come at the very instant of his perdition—whether I succeed or not, I shall do my duty, and let other

folks be merry if they like it—Going to be married! and to whom? to a young girl, without birth, fortune, or without any body's knowing any thing about her; and without so much as saying to me, his uncle, *with your leave, or by your leave:* if he will prefer the indulgence of a boyish passion, to my affection and two thousand pounds per annum—let him be as merry as he pleases. I shall return to Gloomstock-hall, and make a new will directly.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II. changes to a Grove.

Enter MARIA.

Maria. I wish I may have strength to support my happiness: I cannot get the better of my agitation; and though this day is to complete my wishes, my heart, I don't know how, feels something like distress—But what strange person is coming this way? How got he admitted in that strange dress?

Enter GROVEBY.

Groveby. Madam, your servant; I hope I don't intrude: I am waiting here for a young gentleman —If I disturb you, I'll walk at the other end.

Maria. Indeed, sir, you don't disturb me. Shall I call any body to you, sir?

Groveby. Not for the world, fair lady; an odd kind of a pert, bustling, restless fellow, is gone to do my business; and if I might be permitted to say a word or two, in the mean time, to so fair a creature, I should acknowledge it a most particular favour: but I intrude, I fear.

Maria. Indeed you don't, sir—I should be happy to oblige you.

Groveby. And you make me happy by such civility—This is a most lovely creature! [*Aside.*

Maria. Who can this be? [*Aside.*

Groveby. I find, madam, there is going to be a wedding here to-day.

Maria. Yes, sir; a very splendid one, by the preparations.

Groveby. A very foolish business, to make such a fuss about a matter which both parties may have reason to curse this time twelvemonth.

Maria. I hope not, sir—Do you know the parties?

Groveby. One of them too well, by being a near relation—Do you know the bride, young lady?

Maria. Pretty well, sir; my near acquaintance with her makes me attend here to-day.

[*Maria seems confused.*

Groveby. Might I, without being impertinent,

beg to know something about her—but you are partial to her, and won't speak your mind.

Maria. I am indeed partial to her—every body is too partial to her—her fortune is much above her deserts.

Groveby. Ay, ay, I thought so—sweet lady, your sincerity is as lovely as your person—you really think then, she does not deserve so good a match?

Maria. Deserve it, sir! so far from deserving it, that I don't know that human creature that can deserve Sir Harry Groveby.

Groveby. What a sensible sweet creature this is! [*Aside.*] Young lady, your understanding is very extraordinary for your age—you sincerely think then, that this is a very unequal match?

Maria. Indeed I do, very sincerely—

Groveby. And that it ought not to be.

Maria. Ought not to be, sir! [*Hesitating.*] That, sir, is another question—If Sir Harry has promis'd—and the young lady's affections—

Groveby. Ay, to be sure, the young lady's affections! they are more to be consider'd than the young man's credit, or the old man's happiness—But pray, fair young lady, what are your real sentiments of this incognita?

Maria. Upon my word, sir—[*Hesitates.*] I scarce

know how to answer your question—[*Much confused.*

Groveby. Your delicacy to your friend won't let you speak out; but I understand your objections—Nay, I feel 'em so much, that I am come on purpose to break the match.

Maria. [*Astonished.*] Indeed, sir!

Groveby. Ay, indeed am I—a silly young puppy! without acquainting me with it, to go so far—I suppose some interested creature, with a little beauty and more cunning, has laid hold of this precious fool of a nephew of mine—

Maria. Your nephew, sir!

Groveby. Yes, yes, my nephew; but he must give up his girl, or renounce the relationship.

Maria. But consider, sir, what the poor young woman must suffer!

Groveby. She *ought* to suffer, a designing baggage! I'll be hang'd if it is not some demure looking chit, with a fair skin, and a couple of dimples in her cheeks, that has done all this mischief; you think so too, but you won't speak out.

Maria. But if Sir Harry is contented with such small accomplishments—

Groveby. He contented, a simpleton! don't say a word in his favour; have not you confessed, though her friend, that she does not deserve him?

I'll take your word for it; you have good sense, and can see his folly: you can't give up your friend to be sure; I see your affection struggling with your understanding; but you have convinced me that the fellow's undone.

Maria. For heaven's sake, sir!—I convinced you!

Groveby. Had the young blockhead but half an eye he would have fallen in love with *you;* and if he had, there had been some excuse for his folly; on my word you are so sensible and sincere, I could fall in love with you myself—don't blush, maiden—I protest I never was half so much smitten in so short a time, when I was as young a fool as my nephew—don't blush, damsel—

Maria. You overpower me with your goodness: but, sir, pray let me plead for him.

Groveby. Nay, nay, sweet young lady, don't contradict yourself; you spoke your sentiments at first—truth is a charming thing, and you're a charming creature, and you should never be asunder. My nephew, (as you hinted at first) is a very silly fellow, and in short it is a damn'd match.

Enter Sir HARRY, *who starts at seeing his Uncle, and looks ashamed.*

Maria. I cannot stand this interview. [*Exit.*

Groveby. O, your humble servant, Sir Harry Groveby.

Sir Harry. My dear uncle, I am so happy—

Groveby. O, to be sure—you are very happy to see me here. [*Sir Harry looks confused.*] O, ho, you have some modesty left—And so you are going to be married, and forgot that you had an uncle living, did you?

Sir Harry. Indeed, sir, I was afraid to trust your prudence with my seeming indiscretion; but were you to know the object of my choice—

Groveby. Ay, to be sure, I shall be bamboozled as you have been; but where is the old fox, that has made a chicken of you? I shall let him know a piece of my mind.

Sir Harry. Mr. Oldworth, sir, is all probity; he knew nothing of my having an uncle, or he would never have given his consent, without your's.

Groveby. Ay, to be sure, they have set a simpleton-trap, and you have popp'd your head into it; but I have but a short word to say to you—give up the lady, or give up me.

Sir Harry. Let me intreat you to see her first.

Groveby. I have seen a young lady; and I am so put upon my mettle by your ingratitude, that if

she would but talk to me half an hour longer, I'd take her without a petticoat to Gloomstock-Hall, and have my Champétre-wedding too.

Sir Harry. You are at liberty, sir——

Groveby. To play the fool, as you have done—her own friend and companion told me she was undeserving!

Sir Harry. That Maria was undeserving! where is she who told you so? who is she?

Groveby. Your aunt, sir, that may be, if I could get to talk to her again—so don't be in your airs—

Sir Harry. Should she dare to hint, or utter the least injurious syllable of my Maria, I would forget her sex, and treat her—

Groveby. And if you should dare to hint, or mutter the least injurious syllable of my passion, I should forget our relationship, and treat you—zounds! I don't know how I should treat you.

Sir Harry. But, dear sir, who is the slanderer? she has deceived you.

Groveby. I don't know her name, and you must not call her names.

Sir Harry. Where did you see her?

Groveby. Here, here.

Sir Harry. When, sir?

Groveby. This moment, sir.

Sir Harry. As I came in, sir?

Groveby. Yes, sir, yes—she could not bear the sight of you, and went away.

Sir Harry. Dear sir, that was Maria herself.

Groveby. Maria! what?

Sir Harry. Maria, the Maid of the Oaks, my bride that is to be.

Groveby. That's a fib, Harry, it can't be, and shan't be.

Sir Harry. It can be no other, and she is the only person upon earth that could speak without rapture of herself.

Groveby. And she is the person you are going to marry?

Sir Harry. I cannot deny it.

Groveby. If you did, you ought to be hanged—follow me, sir, follow me, sir—shew me to her this moment—don't look with that foolish face, but lead the way, and bring me to her, I say.

Sir Harry. What do you mean, sir?

Groveby. What's that to you, sir—shew me the girl, I say; she has bamboozled you and me too, and I will be reveng'd.

Sir Harry. But, dear sir—

Groveby. Don't dear me; I won't rest a moment 'till I have seen her; either follow me or lead the way, for I must, I will see her directly, and then you

shall know, and she too, that I am—zounds! I'll shew you what I am—and so come along, you puppy you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. A Flower Garden.

Enter Lady BAB, *dressed as a Shepherdess, passing over the Stage,* OLDWORTH *following.*

Oldworth. Hist, hist, Lady Bab. Here comes your prize; for the sake of mirth, and the revenge of your sex, don't miss the opportunity.

Lady Bab. Not for the world; you see I am dress'd for the purpose. I have been out of my wits this half hour, for fear the scene should be lost, by interruption of the company—what, is that he?

Oldworth. Yes, he is looking out for us.

Lady Bab. Step behind that stump of shrubs, and you shall see what an excellent actress I should have made, if fortune had not luckily brought me into the world an earl's daughter.

Oldworth. Don't be too hasty, for it is a pity Sir Harry should not be a witness; he owes him vengeance too.

Lady Bab. Away, away.

[*Exit Oldworth.—Lady Bab retires to a corner of the stage.*

Enter DUPELEY.

Dupeley. Where the devil is Sir Harry? this is certainly the place where I was appointed to find him; but I suppose I shall spring him and his bride from under a rose-bush by and by, like two pheasants in pairing-time—[*Observing Lady Bab.*] Hah! I wish that was a piece of game, she should not want a mate: is that a dress now for the day, or is she one of the natives of this extraordinary region? —Oh! I see now, it is all pure Arcadian; her eyes have been used to nothing but daisy hunting; they are as awkward to her, when she looks at a man, as her elbows would be in a French Berline.

Lady Bab. [*Aside.*] My spark does not seem to want observation, he is only deficient in expression; but I will help him to that presently. Now to my character. [*Settles herself.*

Dupeley. [*Aside.*] What a neck she has! how beautifully nature works, when she is not spoil'd by a damn'd town stay-maker; what a pity she is so awkward! I hope she is not foolish.

[*During this observation, he keeps his eye fixed upon her neck; Lady Bab looks first at him, then at herself; unpins her nosegay, and with an air of the most perfect* naiveté, *presents it to him.*

Lady Bab. You seem to wish for my nosegay, sir, it is much at your service.

[*Offers the flowers, and curtseys awkwardly.*

Dupeley. Oh, the charming innocent!—my wishes extend a little further. A thousand thanks, my fair one; I accept it as a faint image of your own sweets. To whom am I so much obliged?

Lady Bab. To the garden-man, to be sure; he has made flowers to grow all over the garden, and they smell so sweet; pray smell 'em, they are charming sweet I assure you, and have such fine colours—law! you are a fine nosegay yourself, I think. [*Simpers and looks at him.*

Dupeley. Exquisite simplicity! [*Half aside.*] sweet contrast to fashionable affectation—Ah, I knew at first glance you were a compound of innocence and sensibility.

Lady Bab. Lack-a-dazy heart! how could you hit upon my temper so exactly?

Dupeley. By a certain instinct I have, for I have seen few, or none of the sort before; but, my dear girl, what is your name and situation?

Lady Bab. Situation!

Dupeley. Ay, what are you?

Lady Bab. I am a bridemaid.

Dupeley. But, my sweet image of simplicity,

when you are not a bridemaid, what is your way of life? how do you pass your time?

Lady Bab. I rise with the lark, keep my hands always employ'd, dance upon a holiday, and eat brown bread with content.

[*With an innocent curtsey.*

Dupeley. O, the delicious description!—beachen shades, bleating flocks, and pipes, and pastorals. [*Aside.*] What an acquisition to my fame, as well as pleasure, to carry off this quintessence of Champêtre! —'tis but an annuity job—I'll do it.

[*During this soliloquy she examines him round and round.*

Lady Bab. And pray, what may you be? for I never saw any thing so out of the way in all my life!—he, he, he! [*Simpering.*

Dupeley. Me, my dear—I am a gentleman.

Lady Bab. What a *fine* gentleman! bless me, what a thing it is!—this is a fine gentleman!—ha, ha, ha! I never saw any thing so comical in all my life—ha, ha, ha!—and this is a fine gentleman, of which I have heard so much!

Dupeley. What is the matter, my dear? is there any thing ridiculous about me, that makes you laugh? What have you heard of fine gentlemen, my sweet innocence?

Lady Bab. That they are as gaudy as peacocks,

as mischievous as jays, as chattering as magpies, as wild as hawks—

Dupeley. And as loving as sparrows—my beauteous Delia; do not leave out the best property of the feather'd creation.

Lady Bab. No, no, I did not mean to leave out that; I know you are very loving—of yourselves; ha, ha, ha! You are a sort of birds that *flock* but never *pair*.

Dupeley. Why you are satirical, my fairest; and have you heard any thing else of fine gentlemen?

Lady Bab. Yes, a great deal more—That they take wives for fortunes, and mistresses for shew; squander their money among tailors, barbers, cooks, and fiddlers; pawn their honour to sharpers, and their estates to Jews; and at last run to foreign countries to repair a pale face, a flimsy carcass, and an empty pocket—that's a fine gentleman for you!

Dupeley. [*Surprised.*] Hey-day! where has my Arcadian picked up this jumble?

Lady Bab. I am afraid I have gone too far. [*Aside*

Dupeley. [*Still surprised.*] Pray, my dear, what is really your name?

Lady Bab. [*Resuming her simplicity.*] My name is Philly.

Dupeley. Philly!

Lady Bab. Philly Nettletop, of the vale.

Dupeley. [*Still suspicious.*] And pray, my sweet Philly, where did you learn this character of a fine gentleman?

Lady Bab. O, I learnt it with my catechism—Mr. Oldworth has it taught to all the young maidens here about.

Dupeley. [*Aside.*] O, the glutton!—have I found at last the *clue*—I'll be hang'd if old sly-boots has not a rural seraglio, and this is the favourite sultana.

Lady Bab. [*Aside.*] I fancy I have put him upon a new scent—why, a real fool now would not have afforded half this diversion.

Dupeley. [*Significantly.*] So it is from Mr. Oldworth, is it, my charming *innocence*, that you have learnt to be so afraid of fine gentlemen?

Lady Bab. No, not at all afraid; I believe you are perfectly harmless if one treats you right, as I do our young mastiff at home.

Dupeley. And how is that, pray?

Lady Bab. Why, while one keeps at a distance, he frisks, and he flies, and he barks, and tears and grumbles, and makes a sad rout about it—Lord, you'd think he would devour one at a mouthful! But if one does but walk boldly up and look him in

the face, and ask him what he wants, he drops his ears and runs away directly.

Dupeley. Well said, rural simplicity again!—Oh, damn it, I need not be so squeamish here! Well, but my dear heavenly creature, don't commit such a sin, as to waste your youth, and your charms upon a set of rustics here; fly with me to the true region of pleasure—my chaise and four shall be ready at the back gate of the park, and we will take the opportunity, when all the servants are drunk, as they certainly will be, and the company is gone tired to bed.

Lady Bab. [*Fondly.*] And would you really love me dearly now, Saturdays, and Sundays, and all?

Dupeley. [*Aside.*] Oh, this will do without an annuity I see!

Lady Bab. You'll forget all this prittle-prattle gibberish to me now, as soon as you see the fine strange ladies, by and by—there's Lady Bab Lardoon, I think they call her, from London.

Dupeley. Lady Bab Lardoon, indeed!—Oh, you have named a special object for a passion—I should as soon be in love with the figure of the Great Mogul at the back of a pack of cards—If *she* has any thing to do with *hearts*, it must be when they are trumps, and she pulls them out of her

pocket—No, sweet Philly; thank heaven that gave me insight into the sex, and reserved me for a woman in her native charms—here alone she is to be found, and paradise is on her lips! [*Struggling to kiss her.*] Thus let me thank you for my nose-gay.

During the struggle enter HURRY.

Hurry. Oh, Lady Bab, I come to call your ladyship. [*Pauses.*] Lord, I thought they never kiss'd at a wedding till after the ceremony; but they cannot begin too soon—I ask pardon for interruption.

[*Going.—Dupeley stares, Lady Bab laughs.*

Dupeley. Stay, Hurry; who was you looking for?

Hurry. Why, I came with a message for Lady Bab Larder, and would have carried her answer, but you stopp'd her mouth.

Dupeley. Who! what! who!—This is Philly Nettletop!

Hurry. Philly Fiddlestick—'Tis Lady Bab Larder, I tell you; do you think I don't know her, because she has got a new dress? But you are surpris'd and busy, and I am in haste, so your servant. [*Exit.*

Dupeley. Surpris'd indeed! Lady Bab Lardoon!

Lady Bab. No, no, Philly Nettletop! [*Curtseys.*

Dupeley. Here's a damn'd scrape!

Lady Bab. In every capacity, sir—*a rural innocent, Mr. Oldworth's mistress, or the great Mogul,* equally grateful for your favourable opinion. [*Slowly, and with a low curtsey.*

Enter OLDWORTH *and Sir* HARRY, *laughing.*

Mr. Oldworth, give me leave to present to you a gentleman remarkable for second sight: he knows all women by instinct.

Sir Harry. From a princess to a figurante, from a vintage to a May-pole—I am rejoiced I came in time for the catastrophe.

Lady Bab. Mr. Oldworth, there is your travell'd man for you! and I think I have given a pretty good account of him.

[*Pointing at Dupeley, who is disconcerted.*

Oldworth. I hope the ladies are not the only characters in which Mr. Dupeley has been mistaken!

Lady Bab. Upon my word, Mr. Dupeley, considering you have not been two hours in the house, you have succeeded admirably, to recommend yourself to your company! why you look as if you had gone your *va toute* upon a false card.

Dupeley. The devil's in her, I believe; she overbears me so, that I have not a word to say for myself. [*Aside.*

Lady Bab. Well, though I laugh now, I am sure I have most reason to be disconcerted, for that blundering fellow spoil'd my fortune..

Sir Harry. How so?

Lady Bab. Why, I should have had an annuity.

Oldworth. Come, come, my good folks, you have both acquitted yourselves admirably: Mr. Dupeley must forgive the innocent deceit; and you, Lady Bab, like a generous conqueror, should bear the triumph moderately.

Dupeley. I own myself her captive, bound in her chains, and thus I lay all my former laurels at her feet. [*Kneels.*

Lady Bab. The laurels have been mostly poetical—gathered in imagination only; he, he, he!

Dupeley. Quarter, quarter, my dear invincible!

Sir Harry. Now this scene is finished, let me open another to you—Maria's charms have been as much signalized as her ladyship's wit—my old uncle Groveby——

Lady Bab. Of Gloomstock-Hall?

Sir Harry. The same, and full primed with the

rhetoric of sixty-five, against the marriage of inclination; but such a conversion! such a revolution!

Oldworth. Your uncle here! I must chide you, Sir Harry, for concealing from me that you had a relation so well entitled to be consulted—which way is he?

Sir Harry. I left him all in a transport with my bride; he kisses her, and squeezes her hand—'gad, I shan't get her away from him, without your help.

Dupeley. Poor Sir Harry!

Lady Bab. If she has sweetened that old crab, that his sourness will not set our teeth an edge, she has worked miracles indeed.

Sir Harry. There you totally mistake his character, Lady Bab:—no—he has the heart of an Oldworth—[*Addressing himself to Mr. Oldworth.*] though, I confess, with very different manners; his expression often puts me in mind of the harsh preparation of instruments; your ear is jarred before it is delighted—but attend to his sentiments, and as Hamlet says,

He will discourse most excellent music.

He never said or did an ill-natured thing in his life.

Lady Bab. I wish I had him in town, to con-

trast with some *smooth* successful characters of my acquaintance, who will smile upon you, even though you affront them, and always flatter your judgment, when they mean to pick your pocket—but here he is, I declare, and looks as if he was quite in tune.

Enter GROVEBY *with* MARIA *under his arm.*

Sir Harry. [*Running to her.*] I was coming to seek you, my Maria.

Groveby. Your Maria! sir, my Maria—*she* will own me, if you won't—there, sir, let her teach you your duty.

[*Quitting Maria, who retires with Sir Harry to the bottom of the stage.*

Oldworth. Sir, I have many pardons to ask of you; but Sir Harry will be my witness, that my fault was in my ignorance; had I known your name and situation, I should have paid you my respects months ago.

Groveby. Sir, I dont wonder the graceless rogue forgot me, but I'll be even with him; he shant have a guinea from me.

Oldworth. Good sir, you are not serious that he has offended you——

Groveby. I am serious, that I have found another inheritor for Gloomstock-Hall—I have got a

niece, worth twenty such nephews. [*Maria and Sir Harry approaching.*] Ay, you may look, sir, but *she* shall have every acre of it.

[*Taking Maria by the hand.*

Sir Harry. I ever found your kindness paternal, and you now give me the best proof of it.

Groveby. No, sir, had I been your father, and you had surprised me with a match like this, I should have taken another method.

Sir Harry. What would that have been, my dear uncle?

Groveby. I would have loaded you with all the rents, and you should have been forced to keep me, at your own expence, for the rest of my life, sirrah.

Lady Bab. There is a sort of humour about this old fellow that is not unpleasant; I must have a little laugh with him before the day is over.

Groveby. Well, Mr. Oldworth, I intend there shall be no more ceremony between us; I shall not quit your Champétre, I assure you—but what shall I do, to equip myself? one shall look like a fool, it seems, dressed in one's own clothes.

Oldworth. Sir, your good humour and compliance will be a new compliment to the day—you shall be supplied—I took care to be provided with plenty of habits for chance comers.

Groveby. Why, then, this lady, who looks like a merry one, shall choose for me, if she will do me that favour.

Lady Bab. With great pleasure, sir; and before I have done with you, I'll make you look——

Groveby. Ay, what shall I look, fair lady?

Lady Bab. Why, like old Burleigh revived from the Champétre Leicester gave to Queen Elizabeth at Kennelworth-castle.

Groveby. And no bad compliment, neither—'Gad, fair lady, if you could revive more of 'em, it would do the country no harm, I believe.

Oldworth. Well, my good friends—now for a slight refreshment, and then for the happy rights. Who must lead the bride?

Groveby. That will I—she is my niece, and only your ward. Give me your hand, Lady Paramount, of Gloomstock-Hall. [*Leads Maria off.*

Dupeley. And may I be thought worthy to offer mine to the lovely Phillida?

Lady Bab. She accepts of your sagacity as Cavalier Servante and Cecisbo, [*Going off.*] and as we go along, we will talk of the annuity.

Dupeley. [*Half aside.*] 'Gad, you deserve one—and, if I durst, I'd make it a jointure—and now, if you please, you may overhear that, my Lady Quickears. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A Grove.

Enter HURRY, *in great spirits.*

Hurry.

HERE, lass, take this basket, and run away to the church, or you'll be thrown out, and then you won't be married this year—tell all the girls to be sure they strew in time to the music; and bid Dolly Dump smile, and not look as if she was at a funeral. [*Exit Girl.*] What a day of joy is this! I could leap out of my skin, and into it again—here, you Robin—

Enter ROBIN.

Robin. What say you, Master Hurry?

Hurry. What signifies what I say, when you are running and fluttering about, that you can neither hear, see, nor understand?

Robin. Law, master, I try to do every thing after you—where shall I go next?

Hurry. Run away to the ringers, and set the bells a-going directly—and, do you hear? [*Robin returns.*] Huzza all of you, till nobody can hear the bells. [*Exit Robin.*] What have I to do

now?—ho, I must go down to the tents. [*Going.*] No, I'll go first to the Shrubbery, and tell the musicianers—[*Going, and returns.*] That I have done already—I must take care that none of the servants—that will do by-and-by. I must bid the maids—'gad I must not go near *them* neither in these rampant spirits—I am so full of every thing, that I can think of nothing but to be mad with joy! [*Exit singing and capering.*

SCENE II. Arcades of Flowers.

Procession from the Marriage, Bells ringing, Music playing, Huzzas at a distance.

SONG.

FEMALE VOICE.

Breezes that attend the spring,
Bear the sound on rosy wing,
Waft the swelling notes away,
'Tis Maria's wedding day.

CHORUS OF FEMALE VOICES.

Spread the tidings o'er the plain,
Call around each maid and swain,
Dress'd in garlands fresh and gay,
'Tis Maria's bridal day.

MALE VOICE.

Hence suspicion, envy, strife,
Every ill that poisons life,
Skulking vice, and specious art,
All that spoils, or cheats the heart.

CHORUS OF MALE VOICES.

Here the chastened Loves invite
Harmless dalliance, pure delight,
Choral sonnet, festive play,
'Tis Maria's bridal day.

FEMALE VOICE.

Plenty come with ceaseless hoard,
Mirth to crown the evening board,
Truth the nuptial bed to guard,
Joy and Peace, its bright reward.

FEMALE VOICES.

But the chief-invited guest,
Health, in rosy mantle drest,
Come, and with thy lengthen'd stay,
Make her life a bridal day.

CHORUS.

Spread the tidings o'er the plain,
Call around each maid and swain,
Dress'd in garlands fresh and gay,
'Tis Maria's bridal day.

Oldworth. Thank you, my honest friends and neighbours; if *your* hearts o'erflow with joy, how must it be with *mine?* I beg you to retire a moment. [*They retire.—He walks about greatly agitated.*] Oh, my heart! my heart! what a moment is this? I cannot bear it! the tide's too strong, and will o'erwhelm me.

Maria. What is the cause of this?

Oldworth. You are, Maria—you!

Maria. Am I, sir?—heaven forbid!

Oldworth. Heaven has granted it, and I avow it—I have liv'd to see, in these times, successful merit, and disinterested love—my hopes and wishes are accomplish'd! my long-projected joys are full, and I will proclaim 'em! I have a child!

Maria. Sir!

Oldworth. Come to my arms, Maria! thy father's arms! If my lips fail me, let my heart, in throbs, speak the discovery.

Maria. O, sir! explain this mystery!

Oldworth. I have a father's right!—my child's conduct has made it a proud one.

Maria. How, how, sir!—I am lost in rapture and amazement!

Groveby. So we are all.

Oldworth. Excuse me, brother—madam—all. My story is very short, Maria; the hour of your birth made *me* a widower, and *you* a splendid heiress; I trembled at the dangers of that situation, made more dangerous by the loss of your mother—to be the object of flattery in the very cradle, and made a prey to interest, is the common lot attending it. These reflections, call them whims, call them singularities, what you please, induced me to conceal your birth; being abroad at the time, the plan was easily executed.

Maria. How blind have I been! Benevolent as you are to all, I might still have perceived and interpreted the distinction of your unremitting tenderness—how could I mistake the parent's partiality, the parent's fondness?

Oldworth. Your happiness has been the motive of my actions, be it my excuse. The design has answered wonderfully—for though Maria's virtues would have wanted the humble station of the

Maid of the Oaks, to give her due proof of a disinterested lover.

Maria. O, sir! expect not *words*—where shall I find even *sentiments* of tenderness, gratitude, and duty, that were not your's before.

Oldworth. The life of my ward is a pledge for that of the daughter and the wife.—To you, Sir Harry, I shall make no apology for my secresy; it has served to give scope and exercise to your generosity, a sensation more gratifying to minds like your's, than any acquisition of fortune—that pleasure past, accept now, with Maria's hand, the inheritance of Oldworth's Oaks.

Sir Harry. Sir, your conduct does not surprise, but it overwhelms me—long may you remain the possessor of Oldworth's Oaks! When you cease to be so, he will ill deserve to succeed you, who does not make your example the chief object of his imitation.

Dupeley. New joy to the disinterested lover, and to the destined Queen of the Oaks!

Lady Bab. To the amiable pair, and the rewarder of their merits—Mr. Oldworth, you promised us a singular regale, but you have outdone yourself.

Groveby. Regale! egad I don't know what to

call it—he has almost turned the Champétre into a tragedy, I think—I never felt my eyes twinkle so oddly before; have at your double bottles and long corks!

Oldworth. My worthy friend—brother, let me call you! I have robbed you of a pleasure; I know you also had your eye upon my Maid of the Oaks, for an exercise of your generosity.

Groveby. It is very true, I should have been as well pleased as her lover to receive her only with an under-petticoat, though not quite for the same reason—but you may perceive how cursedly vexed I am at the disappointment. [*Pauses.*] Ay, I must alter the disposition of my acres once more—*I* will have no nabobs nor nabobesses in my family.

Lady Bab. The females would be the better of the two, for all that: they would not be guilty of so much rapacity to acquire a fortune, and they would spend it to better purposes.

Dupeley. By as much as a province is better disposed of in a jewel at the breast of a Cleopatra, than when it is melted down in the fat guts of mayors and burgesses of country corporations.

Groveby. I agree in your preference between the two; but an honest country gentleman, and a

plain English wife, is more respectable and useful than both—so, do you hear, madam, take care to provide me a second son, fit for that sort of family—let him be an honest fellow, and a jolly fellow, and in every respect a proper representative for Gloomstock-Hall.

Enter HURRY.

Hurry. An't please your honour and worship, here are all the quality persons in fanciful dresses—you never saw such a sight, they are for all the world like the Turks and Prussians—do but look at 'em, how they come prancing along through the grove! I never saw any thing so fine, and so proud, and so fantastical—Lord, I wonder any body will ever wear a coat and waistcoat again—This is *Sham-Peter* indeed! [*Exit.*

Groveby. My friend Hurry is in the right—Harry, come and help to dress me, for 'till I have got my fool's coat on, I can't make one among 'em. [*Exit.*

Sir Harry. I'll wait upon you—My sweet Maria, I must leave you for a few minutes—for an age. [*Exit.*

Oldworth. My heart is now disburthen'd, and free to entertain my friends—Come, Maria, let us

meet 'em, and shew in our faces the joy of our hearts—Will your Ladyship and Mr. Dupeley assist us? [*Exeunt Oldworth and Maria.*

Lady Bab. O, most willingly, Mr. Oldworth.

[*As she is going out she sees Actæa coming.*

" Angels and ministers of grace defend us!"

Dupeley. Hey-day! what is coming, Lady Bab?

Lady Bab. O, that most hideous of all goblins, a country cousin—and I can neither avoid her, nor overlook her, as I should do in town.

Dupeley. Where is the barbarian?

Lady Bab. Mistake her if you can—the lovely Diana there that is talking to Maria, with a tin crescent upon her head, big enough for a Turkish mosque.

Dupeley. [*Looking through his glass.*] Oh, I have her—

By her step, the goddess is reveal'd.

Lady Bab. What can I do with her? she'll suffocate me if you don't take her off my hands.

Enter ACTÆA, *followed by six Hunters.*

Actæa. O cousin! Lady Bab! here am I at the head of my hunters—I left the company to come to you—I want to practise my song before I sing it in public, you shall hear me, ha! ha! ha!

Lady Bab. O you delicate creature! pray let us hear it—while she is singing we'll steal off and join the company. [*Aside to Dupeley.*] Come, my dear, pray begin.

[ACTÆA *sings her hunting song, during which Lady Bab and Dupeley steal off, laughing.*

SONG.

Come, rouse from your trances,
The sly morn advances,
To catch sluggish mortals in bed!
Let the horn's jocund note
In the wind sweetly float,
While the fox from the brake lifts his head!
Now creeping,
Now peeping,
The fox from the brake lifts his head!
Each away to his steed,
Your goddess shall lead,
Come follow, my worshippers, follow;
For the chase all prepare,
See the hounds snuff the air,
Hark, hark, to the huntsman's sweet holloa!
Hark Jowler, hark Rover,
See reynard breaks cover,

The hunters fly over the ground;
Now they skim o'er the plain,
Now they dart down the lane,
And the hills, woods, and vallies resound;
With dashing,
And splashing,
The hills, woods, and vallies resound!
Then away with full speed,
Your goddess shall lead,
Come follow, my worshippers, follow;
O'er hedge, ditch, and gate,
If you stop, you're too late,
Hark, hark, to the huntsman's sweet holloa!

[*After the Song, the Scene opens, and discovers the Gardens illuminated.—Actæa and her followers join the Company.—Another set of Company dance Quadrilles.*

Enter OLDWORTH.

Oldworth. This is as it should be—a dance, or a song, or a shout of joy, meets me at every turn; but come, ladies, I shall trust you no more in the gardens; at least not my fair dancers; though the evening is fine, it may be deceitful; we have prepared a place under cover for the rest of the entertainment.

Enter HURRY.

Hurry. Gentlemen, nobility, ladies and gentry, you are all wanted in the Temple of Venica, to —but I'll not say what, that you may be more surpris'd; and if you are surpris'd here, you'll be more surpris'd there, and we shan't have done with you there neither—pray make haste, or you'll get no place. [*They all crowd off.*

Hurry. [*Alone.*] Bless my heart, how the whole place goes round with me!—my head seems quite illuminationed as well as that there. [*Pointing to the building.*] See what it is to have more business than one's brains can bear; I am as giddy as a goose; yet I have not touched a drop of liquor to day—but two glasses of punch, a pint of hot negus to warm me, a bottle of cyder to cool me again, and a dram of cherry-bounce to keep all quiet—I should like to lie down a little—but then what would become of the *Sham-Peter?*—no, as I am entrusted with a high office, I scorn to flinch; I will keep my eyes open, and my head clear—ay, and my hands too—and I wish all my countrymen had done the same at the general election.

[*Reels off.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. The Saloon.

A Minuet.

After the Minuet, enter a SHEPHERDESS, *drawing forward a* SHEPHERD *by the arm.*

DUETTO.

She. SIMON, why so lost in wonder,
At these folk of high degree?
If they're finer, we are fonder;
Love is wealth to you and me.

He. Phœbe stop, and learn more duty:
We're too lowly here to please:
Oh, how splendour brightens beauty!
Who'd not wish to be like these?

She. Pr'ythee, Simon, cease this gazing,
They're deceitful, as they're fair;
He. But their looks are all so pleasing,
Phœbe, how can I forbear?

She. Simon stop, and learn more duty;

He. Honest freedom can't displease;

BOTH.

He. Riches give new charms to beauty.
She. Riches give no charms to beauty.
He. Who'd not wish to be like these?
She. Who wou'd wish to be like these?

" SONG.

" O Simon, simple Simon, know,
" The finest garments cover woe;
" The outside glitter never tells
" The grief of heart that inward dwells.

" We rustic folk, so true and plain,
" Can never charm the light and vain;
" Whate'er without our fortune wears,
" Within no pang our bosom tears.

" O Simon, simple Simon, know,
" That lack of wealth is lack of woe;
" Then homewards go, and let us prove
" The greatest bliss, Content with Love."

The Character of FOLLY *enters from the Top of the Stage to a lively Symphony.*

SONG.

Make room my good neighbours, of every degree,
My name it is Folly, who does not know me?
Of high ones, and low ones, of great, and of small,
I've been the companion, and friend of you all:
Wherever I come I drive away care,
And if there's a crowd, I'm sure to be there.
I'm here, and there,
And every where;
All know me—all know me—
Where'er I come,
Nobody's dumb;
Prating, prancing,
Singing, dancing;
Running o'er with mirth and glee.

From country elections I gallop'd post haste,
For there I am always the most busy guest;
And whether it be in the country or town,
I'm hugg'd very close, by the cit and the clown:
The courtier, the patriot, the turn-coat and all,
If I do not sweeten, breed nothing but gall.
I'm here, and there, &c. &c.

The statesman without me unhappy wou'd be;
No lady so chaste but gallants it with me;
The gravest of faces, who physic the land,
For all their grimaces, shake me by the hand;
At the play-house, a friend to the author, I sit,
And clap in the gallery, boxes, and pit.
I'm here, and there, &c. &c.

[*A slow Symphony—all the Company retire to the wings on each side; the curtains of the Saloon are drawn up, and discovers the Company at supper.*

Enter DRUID.

Druid. Folly, away! nor taint this nuptial feast!
I come, a friendly, self-invited guest;
The Druid of these Oaks, long doom'd to dwell
Invisible, 'till beauty broke the spell;
Beauty, which here erects her throne,
And every spell dissolves, except her own.

" Beauty breaks the magic spell,
" Her power can every pow'r subdue;
" Can charm the Druid from his cell,
" To revel and rejoice with you!
" What cannot beauty, spotless beauty do?"

Stand all apart, while mortals learn
The recompence their virtues earn;
When thus the generous court *their* power,
Celestial guardians find the dower,
And these are mansions they prepare
For the disint'rested and fair.

[*He waves his wand.*

The Scene breaks away, and discovers the Palace of Celestial Love.

Maria! take this oaken crown,
The region round is all your own:
See ev'ry Driad of the groves,
With bending head, salute your loves;
And Naiads, deck'd in constant green,
With homage due, avow their queen;
Here all of autumn, all of spring,
The flower and fruit to you they bring;
And, while they heap the lavish store,
A father's blessing makes it more.

Maria. It does, indeed! my heart o'erflows with happiness.

Oldworth. Long, long may it do so! my dear, my matchless daughter!—Come then, my friends and children: I see our joys are too sincere and spirited to be any longer celebrated in magic and allegory.

Groveby. I ask your pardon, friend Oldworth; this reverend old gentleman Druid has charmed me, and I hope we shall have more of his company—A contempt for old times may be fashionable—but I am pleas'd with every thing that brings them to my remembrance—I love an old oak at my heart, and can sit under its shade 'till I dream of Cressy and Agincourt; it is the emblem of British fortitude, and, like the heroic spirits of the island, while it o'ertops, it protects the undergrowth—And now, old son of Misletoe, set that sentiment to music.

Oldworth. And he shall, brother.

[*Druid gives signs to the musicians.*

SONG.

TWO VOICES.

Grace and strength of Britain's isle,
May'st thou long thy glories keep,
Make her hills with verdure smile,
Bear her triumphs o'er the deep.
Chorus. Grace and strength, &c.

Dupeley. Well, Lady Bab, are your spirits quite exhausted, or have the events of the day made you pensive? I begin to believe there are more

rational systems of happiness than ours—shou'd my fair instructress become a convert, my ambition wou'd be still to follow her.

Lady Bab. I am no convert—my mind has ever been on the side of reason, though the torrent in which I have lived has not allowed me time to practise, or even to contemplate it as I ought—but to follow fashion, where we feel shame, is surely the strongest of all hypocrisy, and from this moment I renounce it.

Groveby. And you never made a better renounce in your life.

Lady Bab. Lady Groveby, accept the friendship of one sincerely desirous to imitate your virtues—Mr. Oldworth, you do not know me yet; you forbad your company masks upon their faces, I have worn one upon my character to you, and to the world.

Oldworth. Lady Bab wanted but the resolution to appear in her genuine charms, to make her a model to her rank, and to the age.

Dupeley. To those charms I owe my conversion —and my heart, hitherto a prodigal, justly fixes with her, from whom it received the first impression of love and reason—There wants but the hand of Lady Bab, to make Oldworth's Oaks dis-

tinguished by another union, founded on merit in her sex, and discernment in mine.

Lady Bab. Sir, your proposal does me honour; but it is time enough to talk of hearts and hands—Let us follow the example before us in every thing—after the life we have led, six months probation may be very proper for us both.

Oldworth. Amiable Lady Bab!—Confer the gift when you please; but my Fête Champêtre shall be remember'd as the date of the promise—and now for such a song and dance as will best conclude so happy a day.

[*Short flourish of instruments.*

VAUDEVILLE.

SHEPHERD.

Ye fine fangled folks, who from cities and courts,
By your presence enliven the fields,
Accept for your welcome the innocent sports,
And the fruits that our industry yields.
Chorus.—Ye fine fangled folks, &c.

No temple we raise to the idol of wealth,
No altar to interest smokes,
To the blessings of love, kind seasons and health,
Is devoted the Feast of the Oaks.
Chorus.—No temple we raise, &c.

SHEPHERDESS.

From the thicket and plain, each favourite haunt,
The villagers hasten away,
Your encouraging smile is the bounty they want,
To compensate the toils of the day.
Chorus.—From the thicket, &c.

The milk-maid abandons her pail and her cow,
In the furrow the ploughman unyokes,
From the valley and meadow all press to the brow,
To assist at the Feast of the Oaks.
Chorus.—The milk-maid, &c.

SHEPHERD.

The precept we teach is contentment and truth,
That our girls may not learn to beguile;
By reason to govern the pleasures of youth,
And decorate age with a smile.
Chorus.—The precept we teach, &c.

No serpent approaches with venomous tooth,
No raven with ominous croaks,
Nor rancorous critic, more fatal than both,
Shall poison the Feast of the Oaks.
Chorus.—No serpent approaches, &c.

SHEPHERDESS.

Bring roses and myrtles, new circlets to weave,
Ply the flutes in new measures to move,
And lengthen the song to the star of the eve,
The favouring planet of love.
Chorus.—Bring roses and myrtles, &c.

Oh, Venus! propitious attend to the lay,
Each shepherd the blessing invokes;
May he who is true, like the youth of to-day,
Find a prize like the Maid of the Oaks.
Chorus.—Oh, Venus! propitious, &c.

DRUID. [*Stopping the Musicians.*]

Yet hold—though Druid now no more,
He's wrong who thinks my spells are o'er,
Thus midst you all I throw them round,
Oh, may they fall on genial ground!
May ev'ry breast their influence prove!
The magic lies in *truth of Love.*
'Tis that irradiates ev'ry scene,
Restores from clouds the blue serene,
And makes, without a regal dome,
A palace of each humble home.

[*The whole finishes with*—A GRAND DANCE.

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

SPOKEN BY MRS. ABINGTON.

In Parliament, whene'er a question comes,
Which makes the *Chief* look grave, and bite his thumbs,
A knowing-one is sent, sly as a mouse,
To peep into the humour of the House:
I am that mouse; peeping at friends and foes,
To find which carry it—the *Ayes* or *Noes:*
With more than pow'r of Parliament you sit,
Despotic representatives of wit!
For in a moment, and without much pother,
You can *dissolve* this piece, and *call* another!
As 'tis no treason, let us frankly see
In what they differ, and in what agree,
The said supreme assembly of the nation,
With this our great Dramatic *Convocation!*
Business in both oft meets with interruption:
In both, we trust, no *brib'ry* or *corruption*;
Both proud of freedom, have a turn to riot,
And the best *Speaker* cannot keep you quiet;
Nay *there*, as *here*, he knows not how to steer him—
When *order, order's* drown'd in *hear him, hear him!*
We have, unlike to them, one constant rule,
We open doors, and choose our Gall'ries full:

For a full house both send abroad their summons;
With us together sit the Lords and Commons.
You Ladies here have votes—debate, dispute,
There if you go (O fye for shame!) you're mute:
Never was heard of such a persecution,
'Tis the great blemish of the constitution,
No human laws should *nature's* rights abridge,
Freedom of speech! our dearest privilege:
Ours is the wiser sex, though deem'd the weaker:
I'll put the question—if you choose me Speaker:
Suppose me now be-wigg'd, and seated here,
I call to *Order!*—you, the *Chair!* the *Chair!*
Is it your pleasure that this Bill should pass—
Which grants the Poet, upon Mount Parnass',
A certain spot, where never grew or corn or grass?
You that would pass this play, say Aye, *and save it;*
You that say No *would damn it—the* Ayes *have it.*

THE

LORD OF THE MANOR,

A

COMIC OPERA,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT

THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE;

WITH A

PREFACE BY THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

AMONG the many unpleasing circumstances attending the concealed writer of a dramatic piece (and they are more than are apt at first to occur to him), it is not one of the least considerable to a liberal mind, that other persons become sufferers by his failings. Thus while the real Author, on one hand, has enjoyed the compliment of having the Lord of the Manor ascribed to several men, for whom it is great literary credit to be mistaken; so, on the other, he has had the pain to see criticism extended from poetical to political principles, and made a vehicle for party reflections upon persons who never saw a line of his writing. Not only have the erroneous guesses shifted from man to man, they have fallen also upon men in a body: different scenes have been given to different pens; and sometimes these supposed writers have multiplied upon the imagina-

tion, till they became almost as numerous as the personages of the drama.

Perhaps an apology may be due to every man who has been charged with this foundling; and the more especially as the parent himself means to continue still unknown—confessing ingenuously at the same time, that his temptations to break from his concealment far overbalance his discouragements: for after duly weighing every defect of fable, conduct, dialogue, &c. with which the severest critic could tax him, what candidate for praise in poetry would not bear the weight tenfold, for the sole pride of avowing, in his own name, the songs which by many respectable judges have been attributed to Mr. SHERIDAN?

It is unnecessary to trouble the reader with the motives upon which so flattering a gratification is resisted;—Some of them perhaps are mere peculiarities of temper—Suffice it to say, that they are such, upon the whole, as induce this Author to request the few friends, who necessarily have been entrusted with his secret, not to think themselves at liberty, from any thing here said, to divulge it. For his own part he is desirous so far to satisfy the public curiosity (if curiosity remains

upon so trifling a subject) as to declare that every word in the following Opera is the production of a single person; and should a mistake still rest upon any individual, it is fit that the burthen should be made as light as possible, by removing some prejudices which have been levelled unjustly against the *man*, whatever may become of others which may have been conceived against the *piece*.

Be it known, then, that these scenes were written last summer in the country for mere amusement—to relax a mind which had been engaged in more intense application—and the only view in bringing them upon the stage was a continuation of amusement, encouraged and enhanced by the reflection, that if they were defective in many parts, they were harmless in all; that although they might not correct the follies, they would not offend the morals of the spectators.

It could not but be matter of surprise, and some pain, to a writer intent upon these principles, to find himself accused of having introduced the character of Captain Trepan, for the purpose of impeding the recruiting service of the army. To be thought a bad poet, is but a common misfor-

tune, and it may be borne with temper and in silence; but the imputation of being an ill-intentioned citizen requires an answer, though in this case, it is trusted, a short one will suffice.

The writer has ever conceived, that as to shew the enormous vices of the time in their utmost deformity ought to be the great end of dramatic satire; so, in a lesser degree, to expose to ridicule any practice that savoured more of abuse than absolute vice, had its use. They who think the fallacies and frauds of recruiting dealers about this town necessary evils, which ought to be connived at, as contributary to the military strength of the nation, are ignorant of facts, or blind to consequences. So little is the writer of that opinion, that he has thought it incumbent upon him to restore in print the passages which from apprehension of sudden misconstructions, and from no other apprehension, were omitted in the representation. An abler hand might have carried satire on this subject infinitely further, not only with a consciousness of doing no harm, but also a confidence of doing good. Let us suppose, for illustration sake, that his Majesty were pleased to command the First Part of King Henry IV. and to order all the boxes to be kept for the new

commanders, which the policy of the times (from the scarcity undoubtedly of veterans) has placed at the head of corps raising or to be raised; and one of the galleries devoted exclusively to the crimp captains and their subalterns—might not public benefit be united with entertainment by a just exhibition of old Jack Falstaff's levies? and should it happen that any person present in such an audience were conscious of '*having misused the King's press damnably*'—or from any other cause were '*ashamed of his ragamuffins*'—surely he could not but feel grateful for so gentle a hint! and we might see effected by wit and mirth, a reformation, which under a harsh sovereign might have been thought deserving of direct and exemplary reprehension.

A more serious defence can hardly be requisite upon this subject, after publication of the piece. At the Theatre, where the attention naturally (and in this instance most deservedly) has rested much upon the music, the public sentiments sincerely meant to be inculcated may have escaped notice; but, in the closet, the writer, without a shadow of fear, rests his justification from the charge of ill-will to the military service, upon passages too numerous to be pointed out. He might almost say

upon every character of the drama—but particularly upon that of Trumore, where the two extremes of that passion which fills, or ought to fill, every youthful breast, is employed to excite martial ardour; in one instance, *disappointment* and *despondency* in love are made the motives for enlisting as a private soldier; in the other, *success* in love, the supreme happiness in human existence, is not admitted as an excuse for relinquishing the military service during the exigencies of our country.

To disavow the aspersion I have mentioned, was the principal purpose of this address to the candour of the reader; but having taken up the pen, I will venture to offer to his further indulgence a few thoughts upon Opera, and particularly that species of it attempted in the ensuing pages.

The Opera is a favourite entertainment in all the polite countries of Europe, but in none, that I know of, held subject to the laws of regular drama. There is neither usage nor statute of criticism (if I may use that expression) to try it by, unless we look for such in some musical code. Metastasio, though a very respectable stage wri-

ter, has never been brought to the same bar with Corneille or Racine, or any other professors of correct Tragedy. The vital principle and very soul of Italian Opera is music; and provided it be well maintained in composition and execution, every inconsistency, in fable, conduct, or character, is not only always pardoned, but often applauded.

The French Opera (without entering into the disputed points concerning its music, or denying the many beautiful passages which may be extracted from its poetry) is if possible more absurd than the Italian in its departure from probability. To the powers of sound is added all that decoration, machinery, beauty, and grace, can supply to enchant the eye and the fancy; and so forcible, it must be allowed, is their effect, that the judgment receives no shock, when tyrants and lovers, heroes and peasants, gods and devils, are singing and dancing in amicable chorus all together.

The reader will go with me in applying every thing yet said to the serious or great Opera. Another species, but no more of the legitimate family of Comedy than the former is of Tragedy, has been introduced in all the countries I have al-

luded to. In England both have been in use in our native language, but with very different success. I have no hesitation in pronouncing an opinion, that the adopting what is called recitative into a language, to which it is totally incongruous, is the cause of failure in an English serious Opera much oftener than the want of musical powers in the performers. In countries where the inflection of voice in recitative upon the stage is little more than what the ear is used to in common discourse, the dialogue of the drama is sustained and strengthened by a great compass of tones; but in our northern climates, in proportion as the ordinary expression comes nearer monotony, recitative, or musical dialogue, will seem the more preposterous*.

I will not contend (though I have my doubts) that it is impossible for genius to invent, and for voice to deliver, a sort of recitative that the English language will bear. But it must be widely different from the Italian. If any specimens can yet be produced of its having been effected, they will be found to consist only of a few lines intro-

* See Mr. Addison upon this subject, Spectator, N° 29, and others of his papers upon the Opera.

ductive of the air which is to follow, and as such received by the ear just as symphony would be. Very few serious pieces, except Artaxerxes, can be recollected upon our Theatre where it has not entirely failed, even when assisted by action: in Oratorios it is, with a few exceptions, and those sustained by accompaniment, a soporific that even the thunder of Handel's chorusses are hardly loud enough to overcome.

There may be enthusiasts in music who will treat the disrelish I have described to want of ear. Let ear be understood merely as the organ by which the mind is to receive more or less delight from sublime English verse, and I should be happy to see the dispute brought to public issue—the test should be the performance of Alexander's Feast as now set to music throughout; and the performance of that inimitable ode, with the songs alone preserved in music, and the rest delivered by Mrs. Yates without accompaniment, or other melody than her emphatic elocution.

I trust that in contending against musical dialogue in English, I shall not be understood to think that all music is inapplicable to the higher compositions of our stage. On the contrary I am

convinced that, under judicious management, music is capable of giving them effect beyond what our best authors can attain without it—music can add energy to Shakspeare himself. Indignant as an English audience would be to hear King Lear deliver himself in recitative, I believe no person, who had a heart or taste, ever contemplated the mute groupe of Cordelia with the aged parent asleep in her lap, and the physician watching by, without an increase of sensibility from the soft music which Mr. Garrick introduced into that scene. The same observation will hold good with respect to the additional horror excited in Macbeth, and delight in the Tempest, from the judicious use of both song and instruments. I cannot help quoting another instance of the application of music which I have always thought a happy one. At the close of the tragedy of the Gamester, when the distress is raised to such a pitch that language fails under it, how forcibly is the impression left upon the audience by music, accompanying the slow descent of the curtain over the mournful picture! How preferable such a conclusion to the usual one of an actor straddling over dead bodies to deliver a tame moral in tame rhyme to the pit, in the same breath, and often in the same tone, in which he is to give out the play! But surely no man can be

so void of discernment as not to see clearly the difference between recitative and music thus applied: the one diverts the attention from sense to sound, breaks the propriety and very nerve of our language, and by giving to the expression of the passions cadences of which we never heard an example, nor can form a conception in real life, destroys that delusion and charm of fancy which makes the situations before us our own, and is the essence of dramatic representation: the other, upon the principle of the chorus of the ancients, serves to excite and to combine attention and emotion, and to improve and to continue upon the mind the impressions most worthy to be retained.

I am aware that I have entered further into the grave Drama than my subject required; but the digression will be found excusable, in as much as the same doctrine applies to comic productions, and as it will serve to shorten the trouble of the reader in what I have further to offer.

One branch of Comic Opera which meets with success on our stage is evidently a graft from the Burletta of the Italians; and little as I may admire it in general, I will venture to say, respec-

tively to the writing, it is improved in our soil. Midas, the Golden Pippin, and some others, considered as pieces of parody and burlesque, are much better than any Italian Burletta I know. In fact, there is in general in the Italian Drama of this name an insipidity, mixed with a buffoonery too low to be called farcical, which would make the representation insupportable in England, were the language understood, or attended to in any other view than as the introduction and display of exquisite music.

I cannot easily bring myself to allow the higher branch of our Comic Opera to be of foreign extraction. From the time the Beggar's Opera appeared, we find pieces in prose, with songs interspersed, so approaching to regular Comedy in plot, incident, and preservation of character, as to make them a distinct species from any thing we find abroad—and is it too much to add that the sense, wit, and humour to be found in some of them are sterling English marks by which we may claim the species as our own? The musical pieces at Paris, upon the Theatre called *Les Italiens*, sprung up from the decline of a sort of drama where half the personages were Italian, as was half the language. When Harlequin and Argentine

grew unfashionable, such other representations as served best for an hour of mere dissipation succeeded, and the light and easy music with which they were accompanied made them very popular. But the pieces are either parodies, or founded in general upon materials which would be thought in England too flimsy for any thing but an after-piece. They are composed with an amusing playfulness of imagination, which runs Love through all its divisions, and usually contain abundance of very pretty vocal music, with a scarcity of incident and little variety of character. It is not intended to degrade or depreciate this style of writing as applicable to a Paris audience: it is only meant to state it more widely separate and distinct from the force and spirit of regular Comedy than our own. They who are unacquainted with the Paris theatre, are referred for judgment upon this subject to the Deserter, Zemira and Azor, and other direct translations; and to Daphne and Amintor, and Thomas and Sally and other afterpieces, very good in their kind, but written after the French manner. The Padlock is above this class in display of characters; and the French have nothing upon their Musical Comic Stage to compare, as resembling *Comedy*, with Love in a

Village, or the Maid of the Mill, or, to take still greater credit to our Theatre, the Duenna.

The Lord of the Manor, although the leading incident of the story is professedly taken from the Silvain of Marmontel, is an humble attempt at the species of Opera which I have ventured to call English, and to describe as a drama the next in gradation below regular Comedy, and which might perhaps be carried a step above it. It will not therefore be thought want of attention to the excellencies of Marmontel's piece, which as adapted to French manners I believe no man of taste will dispute, but respect and preference to our stage, that induced me to alter and enlarge the plan and conduct of the original, to substitute characters, and to add scenes and circumstances entirely new.

I know not a feature of character preserved from Marmontel, except the sensibility and artless innocence of the young women—qualities, which, to be truly represented, admit of little diversity by change of country.

I should be sorry if taking part, or even the whole of a story from a foreign stage, when such

story can be made applicable to our customs and characters, and is entirely new worked up for that purpose, could be deemed plagiarism, because it would be a confinement to the invention rather pedantic than useful.

But while I am taking credit for borrowing so little as one incident, there may be those who think I had better have borrowed a great deal more. I can only say that translation, or imitation, would have cost less pains, as it is easier to spin * sentiment, than to delineate character, and to write twenty songs to please the ear, than half as many lines of such Comedy as ought to satisfy the judgment. I do not contend that a direct copy of Marmontel would not have been a much better thing than my talents have been able to make; I only insist it would not have been English drama. Continued uninterrupted scenes of tenderness and sensibility *(Comedie larmoyante)* may please the very refined, but the bulk of an English audience, including many of the best understanding, go to a comic performance to laugh, in some part of it at least. They claim a right to do so upon precedents of our most valued plays;

* Filer le Sentiment.

and every author owes it to them, so long as the merriest amongst them shews he is equally capable of relishing and applauding what is elevated and affecting—an observation I have always seen hold good in an English gallery.

It might be assuming too much to quote any passages from the Lord of the Manor, as a test that every part of the house can relish refined sentiment; but were the fact ten times more apparent, I should still adhere to my former opinion, and intermix mirth: the censure of a critic of fashion here and there in the boxes, who reckon every thing low which is out of their own sphere, would never persuade me to turn Moll Flagon out of my piece (easy as it would be to conduct the story without her) while she excites so much pleasure in general, as to prove the character can neither be false in nature, nor void of humour.

And now a few words upon what I conceive would be the plan of writing, were men of genius and taste to try a specimen of correct Musical Comedy.

In a representation which is to hold 'a mirror up to nature,' and which ought to draw its chief

applause from reason, vocal music should be confined to express the feelings of the passions, but never to express the exercise of them. Song, in any action in which reason tells us it would be unnatural to sing, must be preposterous. To fight a duel, to cudgel a poltroon in cadence, may be borne in a Burletta, upon the same principle that in the Serious Opera we see heroes fight lions and monsters, and sometimes utter their last struggles for life in song, and die in strict time and tune: but these liberties would be totally inadmissible in the kind of drama which I am recommending. My idea might be further explained by a passage in the piece of Marmontel before referred to. It appeared to one of the news-paper critics, that I had been guilty of a great error in not introducing a scene in the Silvain, wherein the *Gardes Chasse* of the Seigneur attack the sportsman with guns in their hands, threatening to shoot him unless he surrenders his gun, which he persists in preserving. By the by, this sort of authority is more natural in France than I hope it would *yet* be thought to be in England: but that was not my principal objection. This scene upon the French stage is all in song; and even at Paris, where licence of throwing action into song is so much more in use than it is here, and where I

have often seen it excellently performed, the idea of five or six fellows with fusils presented at a gentleman's head, and their fingers upon the triggers, threatening his life in bass notes, he resisting in tenor, and a wife or daughter throwing herself between them in treble, while the spectator is kept in suspense, from what in reality must be a momentary event, till the composer has run his air through all its different branches, and to a great length, always gave me disgust to a great degree.

Music, therefore, if employed to express action, must be confined to dumb shew. It is the very essence of pantomime; and we have lately seen upon the opera stage how well a whole story may be told in dance; but in all these instances music stands in the place of speech, and is itself the only organ to express the sentiments of the actor.

To return to the application of vocal music upon the English Theatre: it must not only be restrained from having part in the exercise or action of the passions; care must be also taken, that it does not interrupt or delay events for the issue of which the mind is become eager. It should always be the *accessory* and not the *prin-*

cipal subject of the drama; but at the same time spring out of it in such a manner, that the difference can hardly be discerned, and that it should seem neither the one nor the other could be spared.

And notwithstanding all these restrictions, vocal music judiciously managed would have many occasions to distinguish its own specific charms, at the same time that it embellished, enriched, and elevated regular dramatic compositions. In Tragedy, I am convinced, the mind would peculiarly feel its powers:

> 'Not touch'd but rapt, not waken'd but inspir'd.'

In the humbler, but not less instructive line of Comedy, its office would be to convey through the sweetest channel, and to establish by the most powerful impressions upon the mind, maxim, admonition, sentiment, virtue.

Should any thing I have said strike a man of genius and taste with the distinction I have endeavoured to establish between Comic Opera and Musical Comedy, viz. between 'elaborate trifles' made secondary to music, and sense and spirit

inculcated and sustained by it, new subjects could not be wanting to engage their trials; or if it occurred to men of that description to try an experiment upon an old subject, and a poet could be found courageous enough to engraft upon Shakspeare, as has been done upon Milton in Comus; perhaps no subject could be found in the whole range of fancy better fitted for musical comedy than the play of As you like it. Indeed it seems by some songs thrown into the original, that it was the idea of the great author himself. To multiply the songs, excellent materials might be taken from the piece itself, without injury to the eloquent and brilliant passages which are better adapted to the energy of elocution and action. And where materials failed in the original, what true votary of the Muse would not find animation and assistance in his inventive faculties, from the prospect of being admitted before the public a companion to Shakspeare!

In the mean time the Lord of the Manor has been offered, not as an example, but an excitement to improve that species of drama—

..... fungar vice cotis; acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exsors ipse secandi.

It would be affectation in me, as well as ingratitude to the public, to deny the pleasure I have had in the very favourable reception of this piece. At the same time I trust that I am duly sensible how much of the success is to be attributed to the exertions of the performers, the merits of the Orchestra, and the excellence of Mr. Jackson's composition. Among all the circumstances of satisfaction, there is not one more pleasing to the reflection than that the bringing this humble production upon the stage, has been the means of making me acquainted with a man whose harmony I sincerely believe to be characteristic of his mind, equal to any exertions, but peculiarly exquisite when expressive of the social, tender, quiet, and amiable qualities of the human heart.

Before I dismiss this theatrical subject, upon which I have hazarded many opinions that for aught I know may be singly mine, I am free to confess, that in calling upon men of genius to try the effect of my ideas, I have had my eye particularly upon Mr. Sheridan. As an author, he is above my encomium; as a friend, it is my pride to think we are exactly upon a level. From the consideration of him in both those capacities, I feel myself more interested than the rest of the world,

in a performance he has some time given us reason to expect. His Muse, though without participation of my cause, will naturally and of necessity be the advocate of it, by verifying and exemplifying true Musical Comedy; and such a sanction from the author whom all respect, will be rendered doubly precious to myself by its proceeding also from the man I love.

THE AUTHOR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir John Contrast	Mr. Parsons
Contrast	Mr. Palmer
Trumore	Mr. Vernon
Rashly.....	Mr. Bannister
Rental	Mr. Aickin
La Nippe	Mr. Dodd
Captain Trepan	Mr. Baddeley
Serjeant Crimp	Mr. R. Palmer
Huntsman	Mr. Du Bellamy
Corporal Snap	Mr. Williams.

Annette	Miss Prudom
Sophia.....	Miss Farren
Peggy	Mrs. Wrighten
Moll Flagon	Mr. Suett.

Soldiers, Recruits, Countrymen.

THE

LORD OF THE MANOR.

ACT I.

SCENE I. At the close of the Overture a peal of bells is heard at a distance, the curtain continuing down. When the peal is nearly finished the curtain rises, and discovers a magnificent entrance to a Park, with a view of a Gothic Castle on an eminence at a distance. On the side-scene, near the park-gate, the outside of a small neat Farmhouse with a bank of turf before the door, on which SOPHIA *and* ANNETTE *are seated and at work—*ANNETTE *throws down her work, and runs to meet* PEGGY, *who enters immediately on the other side—*SOPHIA *continues her work pensively.*

Peggy.

KEEP it up, jolly ringers—ding dong, and away with it again. A merry peal puts my spirits quite in a hey-day—what say you, my little foreigner?

Annette. You know, Peggy, my spirits are generally in time and tune with your's. I was out of my wits for your coming back, to know what was going on—Is all this for the wake?

Peggy. Wake! An hundred wakes together would not make such a day as this is like to be. Our new landlord, that has bought all this great estate of Castle Manor, is arrived; and Rental the steward, who went up to London upon the purchase, is with him, and is to be continued steward. He has been presenting the tenants—and they are still flocking up to the Castle to get a sight of Sir John—Sir John——

Annette. What is his name?

Peggy. I declare I had almost forgot it, though I have heard all about him—Sir John Contrast—Knight and Baronet, and as rich as Mexico—an ox is to be roasted whole—the whole country will be assembled—such feasting—dancing——

Annette. Oh! how I long to see it! I hope papa will let us go—do not you, sister?

Sophia. No, indeed; my hopes are just the reverse; I hate nothing so much as a crowd and noise. Enjoy the gaiety for which your temper is so well fitted, Annette, but do not grudge me what is equally suited to mine—retirement.

Annette. I grudge it to you only, Sophy, because it nourishes pain.

If an amorous heart
Is distinguish'd by smart,
Let mine still insensible be;
Like the zephyr of spring,
Be it ever on wing,
Blythe, innocent, airy, and free.

Love, embitter'd with tears,
Suits but ill with my years,
When sweets bloom enmingled around;
Ere my homage I pay,
Be the godhead more gay,
And his altars with violets crown'd.

Peggy. Well said, my mademoiselle; though I hate the French in my heart, as a true English-woman, I'll be friends with their sunshine as long as I live, for making thy blood so lively in thy veins. Were it not for Annette and me, this house would be worse than a nunnery.

Sophia. Heigh ho!

Annette. Aye, that's the old tune. It's so all night long—sigh, sigh! pine, pine!—I can hardly get a wink of sleep.

Peggy. And how is it ever to end? The two fathers are specially circumstanced to make a family alliance. A curate with forty pounds a year has endow'd his son with two sure qualities to entail his poverty, Learning and Modesty; and our gentleman (my master, God bless him!) is possessed of this mansion, a farm of an hundred acres, a gun, and a brace of spaniels—I should have thought the example, so long before your eyes, of living upon love, might have made you——

Sophia. Charmed with it Peggy—And so indeed I am—It was the life of a mother I can never forget. I do not pass an hour without reflecting on the happiness she enjoyed and diffused—"May such "be my situation! it is my favourite prospect."

Peggy. "Aye, 'tis like your favourite moon-"shine, just of the same substance." Helpless souls! you have not a single faculty to make the pot boil between you—I should like to see you at work in a dairy—your little nice fingers may serve to rear an unfledged linnet, but would make sad work at cramming poultry for market——

Sophia. But you, my good Peggy, ought not to upbraid me; for you have helped to spoil me by taking every care and labour off my hands—the humility of our fortunes ought to have put us more upon a level.

Peggy. That's a notion I cannot bear. I speak my mind familiarly to be sure, because I mean no harm; but I never pretend to be more than a servant: and you were born to be a lady, I'm sure on't—I see it as sure as the gipsies in every turn of your countenance.—Read Pamela Andrews, and the Fortunate Country Maid.

Sophia. Have done Peggy, or you'll make me seriously angry; this seems your particular day of nonsense.

Peggy. No nonsense, but a plain road to fortune. Our young landlord, Sir John Contrast's son, is expected every hour; now get but your silly passion for Trumore out of your head, and my life on't it will do—I dreamt last night I saw you with a bunch of nettles in your breast for a nosegay; and that's a sure sign of a wedding—Let us watch for him at the park-gate, and take your aim; your eyes will carry further, and hit surer, than the best gun your father has.

Annette. Peggy, how odd you are!

Peggy. Yes, my whole life has been an oddity —all made up of chequers and chances—you don't know half of it—but Margery Heartease is always honest and gay; and has a joke and a song for the best and worst of times.

I once was a maiden as fresh as a rose,
And as fickle as April weather;
I lay down without care, and I wak'd from repose,
With a heart as light as a feather.

I work'd with the girls, I play'd with the men,
I was always or romping or spinning;
And what if they pilfer'd a kiss now and then,
I hope 'twas not very great sinning?

I married a husband as young as myself,
And for every frolic as willing;
Together we laugh'd while we had any pelf,
And we laugh'd when we had not a shilling.

He's gone to the wars—Heav'n send him a prize!
For his pains he is welcome to spend it;
My example, I know, is more merry than wise,
—But, Lord help me, I never shall mend it!

Annette. It would be a thousand pities you ever should.

Peggy. But here comes your father, and Rental the steward;—they seem in deep discourse.

Sophia. Let us go in then; it might displease my father to interrupt them. [*Exit Sophia.*

Peggy. Go thy ways, poor girl! thou art more afraid of being interrupted in discoursing with thy own simple heart.

Annette. Peggy, when do you think my sighing-time will come?

Peggy. Don't be too sure of yourself, miss; there is no age in which a woman is so likely to be infected with folly, as just when she arrives at what they call years of discretion. [*Exeunt.*

Enter RASHLY *and* RENTAL.

Rental. But you are the only tenant upon the manor, that has not congratulated our new lord upon taking possession of his purchase.

Rashly. [*Aside.*] Strange disposition of events! That he of all mankind should be a purchaser in this county!—I must not see Sir John Contrast.

Rental. Why so? he is prepared—in giving him an account of his tenants, your name was not forgot.

Rashly. And pray, my friend, how did you describe me?

Rental. As what I always found you—an honest man. One can go no further than that word in praise of a character; therefore, to make him the better acquainted with your's, I was forced to tell him the worst I knew of you.

Rashly. Good Rental, what might that be?

Rental. I told him, you had the benevolence of a prince, with means little better than a cottager; that consequently your family was often indebted to your gun (at which you were the best hand in the country) for the only meat in your kitchen.

Rashly. But what said he to the gun?

Rental. He shook his head, and said if you were a poacher, woe be to you when his son arrived.

Rashly. His son!——

Rental. Yes, his only son in fact. The eldest it seems was turned out of doors twenty years ago, for a marriage against his consent. This is by a second wife, and declared his heir. He gives him full rein to run his own course, so he does not marry—and by all accounts a fine rate he goes at.

Rashly. And what is become of that elder?

Rental. Nobody knows. But the old servants who remember him are always lamenting the change.

Rashly. You know him well.

Rental. What do you mean?

Rashly. A discovery that will surprise you—I have lived with you, the many years we have been acquainted—an intimate—a friend—and an impostor.

Rental. An impostor!

Rashly. Your new master, the purchaser of this estate, is an obstinate father—I am a disinherited son—put those circumstances together, and instead of Rashly, call me——

Rental. Is it possible!

Rashly. Call me Contrast.

Rental. Mr. Rashly, Sir John Contrast's son!

Rashly. Even so—for the sole offence of a marriage with the most amiable of womankind, I received one of Sir John's rescripts, as he calls the signification of his pleasure, with a note of a thousand pounds, and a prohibition of his presence for ever. I knew his temper too well to reply.

Rental. You must know him best—I had conceived him of a disposition more odd than harsh.

Rashly. You are right; but this oddity has all the effects of harshness. Sir John Contrast has ever thought decision to be the criterion of wisdom; and is as much averse to retract an error as a right action. In short, in his character there is a continual variance between a good heart and a perverse head; and he often appears angry with all mankind, when in fact he is only out of humour with himself.

Rental. I always thought you must have been bred above the station I saw you in, but I never

never guessed how much—could you immediately submit to such a change of situation?

Rashly. No, I thought of different professions to support the rank of a gentleman. I afterwards placed my eldest daughter, then an infant, under the care of a relation, and went abroad—There my Annette was born, and, for the sake of economy, for some years educated. In short, after various trials, I found I wanted suppleness for some of my pursuits, and talents perhaps for others; and my last resource was a cottage and love, in the most literal sense of both.

Rental. But why did you change your name? The pride of Sir John Contrast would never have suffered it to be said, that his son was in the capacity of a poor farmer.

Rashly. Our claims were upon the *virtues*, not the weaknesses of the heart; and when *they* failed, obscurity was not only choice but prudence. Why give our children the name and knowledge of a rank, that might alienate their minds from the humble life to which they were destined?

Rental. What a sacrifice! how strange this situation must have appeared to you at first!

Rashly. My Anna was equally fitted for a cottage or a court. Her person, her accomplishments, her temper—the universal charm of her

society, made our new life a constant source of delight——

> ..... 'The desert smil'd,
> And Paradise was open'd in the wild.'

Encompass'd in an angel's frame,
An angel's virtues lay;
Too soon did heav'n assert the claim,
And call its own away.

My Anna's worth, my Anna's charms,
Must never more return!
What now shall fill these widow'd arms?
Ah, me! my Anna's urn!

Rental. Not so, my good sir, you have two living images of her; and for their sakes you must try to work upon this old obdurate—Heaven has sent you together for that purpose.

Rashly. No, my friend, he is inflexibility itself—I mean to fly him—it must be your part to dispose of my farm and little property.

Rental. Your intention is too hasty—I pretend to no skill in plotting, but I think I see my way clearly in your case—dear sir, be advised by me—

La Nippe. [*Without.*] Hollo! countryman, do you belong to the lodge?

Rashly. Hey-day, what strange figure have we here?

Rental. As I live, the young heir's gentleman. I got acquainted with his character when I was in London to solicit the stewardship, and it is as curious as his master's.

Rashly. What countryman is he?

Rental. True English by birth. He took his foreign name upon his travels, to save his master's reputation—nothing so disgraceful now-a-days, as to be waited upon by your own countrymen—pray be contented to——

Enter LA NIPPE, *affectedly dressed as a foreign Valet de Chambre, with a little cloak bag made of silk on his shoulder.*

La Nippe. Hollo! countrymen, which is the nearest way—What, Mr. Rental! faith the sun was so much in my eyes I did not know you.

Rental. Welcome to Castle Manor, Mr. Homestall—I forget your French name.

La Nippe. La Nippe, at your service; and when you see me thus equipped, I hope you'll forget my English one.

Rental. Pray how came you to be on foot?

La Nippe. A spring of the chaise broke at the

bottom of the hill; the boy was quite a bore in tying it up; so I took out my luggage, and determined to walk home.

Rashly. The prettiest little package I ever saw.

Rental. What may it contain?

La Nippe. The current utensils of a fine gentleman—as necessary to his existence as current cash. It is a *toilette à chasse*, in English, the macaroni's knapsack. It contains a fresh perfumed fillet for the hair, a pot of cold cream for the face, and a calico under-waistcoat compressed between two sachets *à l'adorat de Narcisse;* with a dressing of Marechalle powder, court plaister, lip-salve, eau de luce—— [*Rashly smiling.*

Rental. [*Laughing.*] To be sure that cargo does not exactly suit the family of the Homestalls.

La Nippe. Non, non—my master would not trust a black pin in my hands, if I did not talk broken English—I expect him here every minute.

Rental. What time was he to leave London?

La Nippe. The chaise was ordered at one this morning—I must allow him an hour for yawning, picking his teeth, and damning his journey—that would bring it to——

Rashly. Upon my word, a pretty full allowance for such employments.

La Nippe. Nothing—I have known Lord Dan-

gle and his friend Billy Vapid in suspense in St. James's Street, between a fruit-shop and a gambling-house, thrice the time, and the chaise-door open all the while.

Rashly. Well said, Mr. La Nippe. I see you are a satirist.

Rental. But what time of the morning had you brought him to?

La Nippe. Two o'clock—oh, he dares not stay much longer—for he is made up for the journey. I doubt whether he could take himself to pieces; but, if he could, I am sure he could never put himself together again without my assistance—his curls pinned, his ancles rolled, his——

Rashly. His ancles rolled? pray what may you mean by that?

La Nippe. The preservation of a Ranelagh leg—the true mode of keeping it from one season to another—What's a macaroni without a Ranelagh leg—our's has carried it hollow six seasons together.

Rashly. We don't understand you.

La Nippe. Why, sir, with six yards of flannel roller to sweat the small, and prop the calf, and only an hour's attention every day (nothing for a gentleman to spare), to sit with his heels in the air, and keep the blood back, I will undertake to—oh, I'll leave Nature in the lurch at her best works—

and produce a leg with the muscle of a Hercules, and the ancle of the Apollo Belvidere.

Rashly. And is this a common practice?

La Nippe. Common! what do you think, but to hide the roller, makes the young fellows so damn'd fond of boots at all hours? they can't leave them off at the play-house now-a-days—but let me be gone.

Rental. Nay, nay, you have time to spare—He must be many miles off; for it is a hundred and twenty from London.

La Nippe. Lord help you! I see you have no notion how a genius travels.

Rental. He cannot fly, I suppose.

La Nippe. Yes, and in a whirlwind—over orange-barrows and oyster-baskets at every corner. —You may trace his whole journey by yelping dogs, broken-back'd pigs, and dismember'd geese.

Rental. Ha! ha! ha!

La Nippe. There's no describing it in common words—I'll give you a sample in music.

O'er the pavement when we rattle,
Trim the drivers, sharp the cattle,
How the people gape and wonder!
Whirling with our wheels in chorus,
Ev'ry earthly thing before us,
We come on like peals of thunder!

Cracking, smacking,
Backing, tacking,
Brats here bawling, sir,
Dogs here sprawling, sir,
Now they tumble, now they skip,
Zounds, take care, sir!
Safe to a hair, sir!
Helter, skelter,
Swelter, swelter,
Dust and sun, sir,
Help the fun, sir,
Oh! the glories of the whip!

Rental. Glories! I am sure it has made you sweat to describe them; and I hardly know if I have a whole bone in my body at hearing them.

La Nippe. Well, I'm glad it pleases you; but as sure as death my master will get home before me—— [*Going.*

Rental. Never fear; you've time enough, I tell you—He stops short at the edge of the forest—His gamekeepers and pointers meet him there—He shoots home.

La Nippe. What the Devil signifies that? the sportsmen of fashion shoot as fast as they travel. [*Whistle without.*] Zounds! there's his whistle—If he finds me loitering here, he'll vent more oaths

in a minute than have been heard in this forest since its foundation.

Rashly. Sir, you may step into Mr. Rashly's house till he is gone by.

La Nippe. I thank you, sir. [*Exit.*

Rashly. My brother here? farewell, Rental— [*Going.*

Rental. Stay, sir, it is impossible he can have a suspicion of you—Let us see whether he tallies with this impudent fellow's account—sift him boldly—I have a thousand thoughts for you.

Rashly. If he answers the description I have heard, I shall never keep my temper.

Rental. Perhaps so much the better—but he is alighting from his horse.

Contrast. [*Without.*] Searchum, take up the dogs, one might as well beat for game in Hyde-Park.

[*Enters, attended with gamekeepers; a gun in one hand, and a silk parasol in the other.*

The manors are poached to desolation, the saddles are gridirons, and the air is impregnated with scurf and freckle—In another half hour I shall be a Mulatto in grain, in spite of my parasol, by all that's sultry—but, come, to business—[*Gives the gun to one of his attendants.*] Searchum, get

warrants immediately for seising guns, nets, and snares, let every dog in the parish be collected for hanging to-morrow morning—give them a taste of Norfolk discipline—" Nothing like executions to " support government."

Rashly. I hope, young gentleman, you will be better advised than to proceed so rashly.

Contrast. And pray, friend, who may you be, that are so forward with your hope?

Rashly. A tenant upon this estate these sixteen years, where I have been used to see harmony between high and low established upon the best basis—protection, without pride, and respect, without servility.

Contrast. Odd language for a farmer!—but in plain English it implies indulgence for arrears, and impunity for poaching. And you, sir, what may be your occupation?

Rental. I have been long, sir, steward at Castle Manor; your father's goodness continues me so. I'm sorry, sir, you have had no sport——but your gamekeepers are strangers—if this gentleman had been with you, he knows every haunt of the country.

Contrast. Oh, I don't doubt it; and is this gentleman qualified to carry a gun?

Rashly. I always thought so, sir.

Contrast. Where is your qualification?

Rashly. In my birthright as a free man—Nature gave the birds of the air in common to us all; and I think it no crime to pursue them, when my heart tells me I am ready, if called upon, to exercise the same gun against the enemies of my king and country.

Contrast. A period again! if it were not for his dress, I should take him for a strolling orator escaped from Soho—but to cut the dispute short—You, Mr. Steward, and you, Mr. Monitor of the forest, take notice that I require unconditional submission in my supremacy of the game.

Rental. In what manner, sir?

Contrast. The county gaol shall teach transgressors—thanks to my fellow sportsmen in the senate, we have as good a system of game-laws as can be found in the most gentleman-like country upon the continent.

"*Rashly.* By gentleman-like, I am afraid, young "sir, you mean arbitrary—It is true we have such "laws—modern and unnatural excrescences, which "have grown and strengthened by insensible de-"grees, 'till they lie upon our statute-book like a "wen upon a fair proportion'd body—a deformity "fed by wholesome juices.—I hope, sir, we shall "have your assistance to remove the evil."

Contrast. "Just the contrary. Though our system "be excellent for the preservation of game, it still "wants a little foreign enforcement—In France, the "insignia of a Lord Paramount of the chase are "gallowses with his arms upon every hill in his "estate—they embellish a prospect better than the "finest clump Brown ever planted." You look at me with surprise, old reformer of the groves.

Rashly. I confess I do, sir! In days when I frequented the world, a high-bred town spark and a sportsman were the greatest opposites in nature—The beau and the 'squire were always——

Contrast. Oh, I begin to take you—your days—the rusticated remains of a ruined Temple Critic—a smatterer of high life from the scenes of Cibber, which remain upon his imagination, as they do upon the stage, forty years after the real characters are lost. Thy ideas of a gentleman are as obsolete, old speculator, as the flaxen wig, and 'stap my vitals.'

Rashly. May I presume, sir, to ask what is the character that has succeeded?

Contrast. Look at me—— [*Turning round.*

Rashly. We were comparing, sir——

Contrast. Coxcombs—never baulk the word—the first thing in which we differ from your days is, that we glory in our title, and I am the acknow-

ledged chief. In all walks of life, it is true ambition to be at the head of a class.

Rashly. And may I ask, sir, if the class over which you so eminently preside is very numerous?

Contrast. No, faith; and we diminish every day; the cockade predominates—the times have set nine tenths of our men of fashion upon being their own soldiers—I shou'd as soon have thought of being my own gunsmith.

Rashly. But is it possible you can have been idle at such times?

Contrast. Idle!—I never killed more birds any seven days in my life than in the precise week the French were off Plymouth.

Rashly. Singular character!

Contrast. Right for once, old Tramontane—— singularity is the secret of refined life. In the present day it connects the Nimrod and the man of taste—thus we hunt our pointers at full speed; our foxes at mid-day; crown the evening with French cookery, and wash down our fatigues with orgeat and icid lemonade.

Enter LA NIPPE, *running.*

La Nippe. Sir, sir,——*apart un instant, mon-*

sieur—such an adventure! I have discovered such a girl! such a shape! such——

Contrast. Bête! did you ever know me think of a woman in the country?

La Nippe. [*Aside.*] No, nor much any where else.

[*Takes him aside, and seems eagerly to press him.*

Rental. [*Aside to Rashly.*] I think I discover Monsieur La Nippe's business—humour it, I beseech you, sir, and ask Contrast in.

Rashly. Sir, will you accept any refreshment my poor house affords?—I hope you take nothing ill I have said?

Contrast. No, sir, I bear no malice, and I will drink your health in a bowl of milk and water. ——[*Aside.*] I'd not take the trouble of looking at his daughter, if it was not for the hope of being reveng'd of this old crusty *de tristibus.*

La Nippe. [*Aside.*] I must get him into this intrigue, for my own sake with the maid, if not for his with the mistress. [*Exeunt.*

Enter TRUMORE.

Trumore. How surely and involuntarily my feet bring me to this spot! Conscious scenes! Sophy!

Dost thou remember them with my constancy?—
Dost thou visit them with my sensibility?

Within this shade, beneath this bough,
We pass'd the tender mutual vow;
Recording loves were list'ning round,
And in soft echoes bless'd the sound.

Come, Sympathy, with aspect fair,
And, soaring Hope, that treads on air,
Smile on our truth, our cause befriend,
And sooth the passions that you blend!

Is it impossible to get a glance at her at a distance? If I could but do it unperceiv'd—

Enter PEGGY.

Peggy. So, sir, do you think I did not spy you from the window, prowling like a fox about a hen-roost? but set your heart at rest, the pullet you are in search of will soon be upon a perch too high for your reach.

Trumore. What do you mean?

Peggy. Do you see that castle there?—there—Sir John Contrast's great seat—mine are no castles in the air.

Trumore. Well, what of that?

Peggy. Well then, if you had my second sight, you wou'd see Sophy in a coach and six white horses driving in at the great gate.

Trumore. What wou'd you lead my thoughts to?

Peggy. Patience!—Reason!—Sir John's son is paying his addresses within—Consult Sophy's interest, and your own too in the end, and resign her.

Trumore. Horror and distraction! you cannot be in earnest—would Sophia suffer even a look from a stranger without a repulse?

Peggy. Time enough to repulse when strangers grow impertinent—meanwhile, why not be courted a little? There's curiosity in it, only to see how many ways the creatures can find to please us.

Trumore. These are your thoughts—but, Sophia——

Peggy. Thinks like me, or she's not a woman. Look ye, I hate to be ill-natur'd—but don't fancy I'm your enemy, because I'm *her* friend; and depend upon it we all love to be tempted—some few to be sure for the pride of resisting, and that may be Sophy's case—but ten for one think the pleasure of yielding worth the chance of repentance. I won't promise I am not one of the number.

All women are born to believe
In the sweets of the apple of Eve,
If it comes in my eye,
'Tis in vain to deny;
I so much long to try,
I must bite though I die—
—'Tis done!—and, oh fie!
Lack, how silly was I!
Oh, the devilish apple of Eve! [*Exit.*

Trumore. [*Alone.*] Tormenting woman! I cannot however but be alarmed, and shall watch your steps closely, young gentleman; yes, my Sophia, I will hover round thee like a watchful spirit—invisible, but anxious to prove thy truth, and, if necessary, to defend it. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. The Inside of Rashly's House; CONTRAST, LA NIPPE, RASHLY, SOPHY, ANNETTE.

La Nippe. [*Apart to Contrast.*] What do you think of her eyes?

Contrast. Passable for a village.

La Nippe. Her complexion! her skin! her delicacy!

Contrast. Oh, perfectly delicate; she looks

like the diet of her nursery, extract of leveret and pheasant with egg.

Rashly. Girls, you may retire when you please.

[*As they are going off, enter Peggy with a guitar.*

Sophia. Peggy, what are you doing?

Peggy. [*Aside.*] "Gad, but he shall see a "little more of her first."—It's only the guitar, madam!—It hung so loose upon the peg, I was afraid the kitten wou'd pull it off—

[*Touches the string.*

Lord! it speaks of itself, I think—just as if it wanted—

Contrast. [*Aside.*] Music too—a syren complete—I am to be tempted by all the enchantments of Calypso's Grotto—*à la bonheur*, try your skill, my dear.

Sophia. Officious girl, carry it back directly.

Contrast. Oh, by no means, miss, pray favour us with a song.

Rashly. Come, girls, don't be ashamed of an innocent and pleasing talent—perhaps the warble of Nature may please Mr. Contrast, from its novelty.

Sophia. Indeed, sir, I wish to be excused; upon my word, I am not able to sing——

Annette. Dear sister, sing the song my father

made upon a butterfly—I have laugh'd at the insect ever since.

[SOPHIA *sings.*]

Hence, reveller of tinsel wing,
Insipid, senseless, trifling thing;
Light spendthrift of thy single day,
Pert insignificance, away!

How joyless to thy touch or taste
Seems all the spring's profuse repast;
Thy busy, restless, varied range
Can only pall the sense by change.

Contrast. Bravo, miss; very well indeed——

Peggy. [*As going off.*] Gad, I don't know what to make of him; but all great men are of the family of the Whimsicals.

Contrast. La Nippe, on to the castle; announce me to my father, and get things to cool—I am still hot enough to be page of the presence in the palace of Lucifer. [*Horns without.*] What horns are those?

La Nippe. [*Looking out.*] Your honour's master of the hounds, and your whole hunting equipage are arrived.

Contrast. Have they the new liveries?

La Nippe. They have—and for elegance they would shame the hunt at Fontainebleau.

Contrast. Let them draw up before the door, I'll see them as I pass. [*Exit La Nippe.*] One word at parting, friend Rashly.—Your daughters are not without attractions—nor you void of a certain sort of oddity that may be diverting; but your gun must be surrender'd, and from a pheasant to a squirrel—*chasse defendue*—no pardon for poaching—and so good day, old Æsop in the shades. [*Exit.*

Rental. I must follow—but I request you to take no steps till you see me again—give me but time to work in your favour!——

Rashly. You are too sanguine—but I consent, upon condition that I do not see my father.

Rental. As yet it is no part of my plan that you should. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III. The Outside of the House.

Enter CONTRAST, LA NIPPE, *and Huntsmen.*

La Nippe. The huntsmen, sir, have been practising a new chorus song; will you hear it?

Contrast. A hunting song quite breaks my ears, it is a continued yell of *horn* and *morn*, *wake the*

day and *hark away*—but they may begin; I shall hear enough as I walk off.

When the orient beam first pierces the dawn,
And printless yet glistens the dew on the lawn,
We rise to the call of the horn and the hound,
And Nature herself seems to live in the sound.

CHORUS.

Repeat it, quick Echo, the cry is begun,
The game is on foot, boys, we'll hunt down the sun.

The Chase of old Britons was ever the care,
Their sinews it brac'd, 'twas the image of war.
Like theirs shall our vigour by exercise grow,
Till we turn our pursuit to our country's foe.

CHORUS.

Repeat it, shrill Echo, the war is begun,
The foe is on foot, boys, we'll fight down the sun.

With spirits thus fir'd, to sleep were a shame,
Night only approaches to alter the game.

Diana's bright crescent fair Venus shall grace,
And from a new goddess invite a new chase.

CHORUS.

Be silent, fond Echo, the whisper's begun,
The game is on foot, boys, we want not the sun.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. A Shrubbery.

Enter SOPHIA *and* ANNETTE, *arm in arm.*

Sophia.

I CONFESS, Annette, you are a very forward scholar in affairs of the heart: but would you really persuade me, that the women in France scorn to be in love?

Annette. Just the contrary. Love, there, is the passion of all ages. One learns to lisp it in the cradle; and they will trifle with it at the brink of the grave; but it is always the cherup of life, not the moping malady, as it is here.

Sophia. And according to the notions of that fantastical people, how is the passion to be shewn?

Annette. Oh! in a woman, by any thing but confessing it.

Sophia. Surely, Annette, you must now be wrong: insincerity and artifice may, for aught I know, be the vices of fine folks in courts and

cities; but in the rural scenes, where you as well as myself have been bred, I am persuaded the tongue and the heart go together in all countries alike.

Annette. So they may too: it would be wrong if the tongue told fibs of the heart; but what occasion for telling *all* the truth?—I wish you saw a girl in Provence as she trips down the mountain with a basket of grapes upon her head, and all her swains about her, with a glance at one, and a nod at another, and a tap to a third—'till up rises the moon, and up strikes the tabor and pipe—away go the baskets—'*Adieu panniers, Vendage est faite!*'—her heart dances faster than her feet, and she makes ten lads happy instead of one, by each thinking himself the favourite.

Sophia. But the real favourite is not to be in suspense for ever?

Annette. No, no; she solves the mystery at last, but in a lively key.—["*A short French song.*"]

Sophia. I admire your vivacity, Annette; but I dislike your maxims. For my part, I scorn even the shadow of deceit towards the man I love, and would sooner die than give him pain.

Annette. So wou'd I too, dear sister—but why not bestow pleasures with a smile?

Sophia. Giddy girl—you know not love.

Annette. Oh! but you are mistaken—I understand sentiment perfectly, and could act it to admiration. I cou'd gaze at the moon, prattle to the evening breeze, and make a companion of a rose for hours together—" only I don't like to prick my fingers " with it"—*à propos* now; here's a charming bush in full blow, and you shall hear me address it exactly in your character—— [*Sings to a rose.*

Rest, beauteous flow'r, and bloom anew,
To court my passing love;
Glow in his eyes with brighter hue,
And all thy form improve.

And while thy balmy odours steal
To meet his equal breath,
Let thy soft blush for mine reveal
The imprinted kiss beneath.

Sophia. Get you gone, you trifler—you'll make me angry.

Annette. Well, I'll only stroll with you as far as yonder great tree, and leave you to kiss the rest of the roses to the same tune. [*Exeunt.*

Enter LA NIPPE, *beckoning* CONTRAST.

La Nippe. Yonder she is—and the young one going away—now's the time—at her, sir.

Contrast. It's a damn'd vulgar business you're drawing me into, La Nippe—I could never shew my face again if it were known I was guilty of the drudgery of getting a woman for myself.

La Nippe. What do you mean, sir, that you never make love?

Contrast. No, certainly, you blockhead—modern epicures always buy it ready-made.

" *La Nippe.* Aye, and in town it is fitted to all " purchasers, like a shoe in Cranburn-alley—but " here——

" *Contrast.* Is the scene of novelty and experi- " ment—be it so for once—it is the sporting sea- " son—I'll course this little puss myself." But hold, she is turned, and coming this way.

[*Exit La Nippe.*

Enter SOPHIA.

Sophia. I did not recollect that these walks are no longer to be open for the neighbourhood—How simple was that girl not to remind me! If I should be seen, I may be thought impertinent—and alone too——

Contrast. So, Miss Rashly, we meet as patly sa if you had known my inclinations.

Sophia. [*Aside, and confused.*] He too, of all others!—I know it is an intrusion, sir, to be here —I was retiring. [*To him.*]

Contrast. It is the most lucky intrusion you ever made in your life.

Sophia. [*Still confused.*] Permit me, sir, to pass?

Contrast. Not till you hear your good fortune, my dear. You have attracted in one moment what hundreds of your sex have twinkled their eyes whole years for in vain—my notice. I will bring you into the world myself—your fortune's made.

Sophia. [*Confused and angrily.*] Sir, this sort of conversation is new to me, and I wish it to continue so. [*Still endeavouring to pass.*

Contrast. [*Examining her.*] Yes, she'll do when she is well dress'd—one sees by her blush how rouge will become her—I shall soon teach her to smile—*La belle gorge* when adjusted in French stays——

Sophia. [*More angrily.*] Sir, though your language is incomprehensible, your manners are offensive—I insist upon passing.

Contrast. Oh, fie, child—the first thing you do must be to correct that frown and this coyness

—they have no more to do with thy figure than a red cloak or blue stockings—No, no, my girl, learn to look a man in the face, whatever he says to you—it is one of the first principles for high life; and high as the very pinnacle of female ambition shall thine be—thou shalt drive four poneys with a postillion no bigger than a marmoset.

Sophia. Insufferable!

Contrast. You shall make your first appearance in my box at the opera—a place of enchantment you can have no notion of—'Have you seen Contrast's Sultana?' shall be the cry—'All the women in the town are Æthiops to her, or blindness confound me'—there's the language to fix a woman's reputation!—there's the secret to make her adored—beauty!—it is not worth *that*, [*Fillips his fingers*] in comparison of fashion.

Sophia. Sir, I have tried while I could to treat you with some degree of respect—you put it out of my power—resentment and contempt are the only—

Contrast. Clarissa Harlow in her altitudes!—what circulating library has supplied you with language and action upon this occasion? or has your antiquated father instructed you, as he has me, in the mode of his days?—Things are reversed, my dear—when we fellows of superior class shew

ourselves, the women throw themselves at us; and happy is she we deign to catch in our arms.

[*Offers to take hold of her.*

Sophia. [*Enraged; and at last bursting into a passion of tears.*] Unheard-of assurance! What do you see in me to encourage such insolence? Or is it the very baseness of your nature, that insults a woman because she has no protector?

[*Breaks from him—at the instant,*

Enter TRUMORE.

Trumore. Protection is not so distant as you imagined—compose yourself, my Sophia—I have heard all—leave to me to settle the difference with this unworthy ruffian.

Contrast. Way-laid, by all that's desperate—a rustic bully—but I must submit, for I conclude he has a forest mob within call.

Trumore. A mob to encounter thee!—a mob of fleas—of gnats—of pismires—a wasp would be a sure assassin.—But to be serious, sir—though the brutality of your behaviour calls for chastisement, the meanness of it places you beneath resentment.

Contrast. How he assumes! because I know as little of a quarter-staff, as he of the weapons of a gentleman.

Trumore. It would indeed be profanation of English oak to put it into such hands—thou outside without a heart—when the mind is nerveless, the figure of a man may be cudgelled with a nettle.

Sophia. For heaven's sake, Trumore, be not violent, you make me tremble—no further quarrel.

Trumore. Another word, sir, and no more—could I suppose you a real sample of our fashionable youth, I should think my country *indeed* degraded—but it cannot be—away!—and tell your few fellows, if even few exist, that there is still spirit enough among *common* people to defend beauty and innocence; and when such as you dare affronts like these, it is not rank nor estate, nor even effeminacy, that shall save them.

Contrast. Very sententious truly—quite Rashly's flourish.—In Italy now I could have this fellow put under ground for a sequin—in this damned country, we can do nothing but despise him. Boxing was once genteel; but till the fashion returns, it would be as low to accept the challenge of a vulgar as to refuse it to an equal. [*Exit.*

Trumore. How is my Sophia? happy, happy moment that brought me to your rescue!

Sophia. If the thoughts you most wish I should entertain of my deliverer can repay you, trace

them by your own heart, Trumore; they will harmonize with its tenderest emotions.

Trumore. Oh, the rapture of my Sophia's preference! thus let me pour forth my gratitude.

[*Kneeling, and kissing her hand.*

Enter RASHLY.

Rashly. So, inconsiderate pair, is it thus you keep your engagements with me? Neither the duty of one, nor the word of honour of the other, I see, is a sanction—

Trumore. Restrain your displeasure, sir, till you hear what has happened—no breach of promise——

Rashly. I have no leisure for excuses, nor for reproaches—fortune more than my resentment is against you. Sophy, my affairs will probably compel me to seek another and a distant home. Prepare yourself to set out with me at an hour's warning.

Trumore. What do I hear? Sir, part us not—I'll be your slave to obtain her presence—let me but follow her—let me but enjoy the hopes of at last deserving her.

Sophia. What have you not already deserved? —If we are to separate, here in a father's presence

I engage to you a faith that time and distance shall never change.

Trumore. I accept in the same presence the sacred pledge, and will cherish the remembrance of it with a truth, which, like the brilliant ore, proves its purity by its trials.

Superior to this adverse hour
True Love, my fair, shall rise;
The turn of chance, the stroke of power,
A faithful heart defies.

A parent may this frame control
By his severe decree;
But thought, the essence of the soul,
Shall ne'er remove from thee.

Rashly. Here then break off, and to time and distance leave the further test of your sincerity: at present I can flatter you with no other remedy. —Daughter, return to the house.—Trumore, you must not follow.

Trumore. I submit; I have saved her from a ruffian—I resign her to a father—and angels assist to guard her!

Rashly. Come, Sophia—the world is wide, and innocence an universal passport.

TRIO.

Thus when the wintry blasts are near,
The Stork collects her brood,
Trains their weak pinions high in air,
And points the longsome road.

At length the final flight they try,
Farewell the parent nest,
They seek from fate a milder sky,
Attain it, and are blest. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CONTRAST *and* LA NIPPE *meeting.*

Contrast. [*After a pause.*] Get post-horses for the chaise directly.

La Nippe. To carry her off, sir?—quick work—I thought how it would be when you set yourself to it.

Contrast. I wish you had been among the other curs I order'd to be hanged before you had put me upon the trace of her—find me a quick conveyance from this region of barbarism, or the spirit of the place shall be tried upon you—it will be no 'profanation of English oak' to cudgel you.

La Nippe. In the name of wonder, what has happened?

Contrast. Happened! I have been nearly worried by a cursed confounded two-legged mastiff. Where was you, sir, not to be within call?

La Nippe. Just where I ought to be by the true rule of a valet de chambre's office all the world over—trying the same game with the maid, I supposed you were trying with the mistress—— [*Contrast looks angry.*] but, all for your honour's interest, to make her your friend——

Contrast. Rot her friendship——I would not expose my nerves to a second encounter with this new piece of Piety in pattens, to secure all the rustic females from the Land's End to the Orknies.

La Nippe. You shall not need till she is brought to proper terms. Look ye, sir, Peggy the maid is a sly wench, why not make her a convenient one?—Commission me to pay her price, and she shall deliver this toy into your hands——that's love exactly in your own way, you know.

Contrast. I would not give five pounds for her, if it were not for vengeance.

La Nippe. Your vengeance need not stop there. The father, you know, by his own confession, is a poacher. I have enquired of Peggy if he has no enemies—he has but one it seems in the parish; but he is worth a hundred—an attorney—broken

by Rashly's faculty in deciding differences—— this fellow shall saddle him with as many actions for game in half an hour, as shall send him to gaol perhaps for the rest of his days.

Contrast. Your plan is not unpromising, and you may try one of my *rouleaus* upon it.—If I could at the same time correct the dog of a lover, I believe I should grow cool again, and put off my journey for the accomplishment.

La Nippe. It is not impossible——what think you of a pressgang?

Contrast. Transcendent, if one could be found. The game-laws and the press-act ought always to go hand in hand—and, were they properly enforced, the constitution might be more bearable to a man of fashion.

La Nippe. I'll about this business directly.

Contrast. Content: meanwhile, I'll give an airing to my *inability* upon the lawn.——Hark ye, La Nippe, before you go, I think the summary of our projects is thus—the father to gaol; the lover to sea; my pointers, if you will, in Rashly's chamber; and his daughter, in exchange, in mine.

La Nippe. Exactly, sir. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II. Inside of RASHLY's *House.*

Enter RASHLY, *and* SOPHIA *under his Arm, as continuing a Conversation.*

" *Rashly.* Besides these peculiarities of my cir-
" cumstances, and many others which you are yet
" a stranger to, you must see an insurmountable
" reason for discontinuing an intercourse with Tru-
" more——the absence of his father——it would
" be indelicate in you, as well as dishonourable
" in me, to proceed to a union unknown to him,
" and to which he may have the greatest objec-
" tions.

" *Sophia.* Dear sir, there wanted no argument
" to convince me of your tenderness——I am
" intirely at your disposal——if a tear drops when
" I obey you, it is an involuntary tribute to my
" fortune, think it not repugnance to your will."

Rashly. Be comforted, Sophia, with the reflection, that I lament, and do not blame your attachment; you know I agree, both upon experience and principle, that the only basis for happiness in every station of life is disinterested love.

When first this humble roof I knew,
With various cares I strove;
My grain was scarce, my sheep were few,
My all of wealth was love.

By mutual toil our board was dress'd;
The stream our drink bestow'd;
But, when her lips the brim had press'd,
The cup with Nectar flow'd.

Content and Peace the dwelling shar'd,
No other guest came nigh,
In them was given, though gold was spar'd,
What gold could never buy.

No value has a splendid lot
But as the means to prove,
That from the castle to the cot
The all of life was love.

Enter ANNETTE *hastily.*

Annette. Sir, Mr. Rental is coming into the gate, and with him a strange gentleman I never saw before——an old man, and Rental is pulling off his hat and bowing; I wonder who he is.

Rashly. [*With emotion.*] Sir John Contrast! how

my heart throbs at his approach! [*Aside.*] Girls, I have a reason to be concealed; you must not discover I was within——

[*Walks with his daughters to the top of the scene, as giving them direction, and exit—Sophia and Annette remain a little behind the last side-scene.*

Enter Sir JOHN CONTRAST; RENTAL *following.*

Sir John. I tell you, Rental, that last cottage shall come down, there is not a male creature about it——nothing but girls with black eyes, and no industry——but what sort of dwelling have we here?

Rental. The seat of innocence, once the seat of more happiness than at present.

Sir John. The seat of innocence!——aye, to be sure, and these, I suppose, are the children of innocence that inhabit it——

[*Perceiving Sophia and Annette, who come timidly forward.*

Sophia. What could my father mean by going away himself, and insisting we shou'd not decline an interview with Sir John Contrast and Rental? ——I have seen enough of the family already.

Annette. Is that he? Lord! sister, don't quake; he does not look so ungracious——

[*They approach timidly.*

Sir John. [*Examining them.*] Zounds! are all my farms over-run thus with evil-eyed wenches?

Rental. Suspend your opinion, I beseech you, sir, and speak to the young women; the family is indeed worth your notice.——[*Aside.*] Now, Nature and Fortune, work your way.

Sir John. Young women, how may you earn your livelihood?

Sophia and Annette. [*Embarrassed.*] Sir!

Sir John. [*To Rental.*] They are too innocent, I see, to answer a plain question.

Rental. You alarm them, sir; they are as timid as fawns. My young mistresses, it is Sir John Contrast speaks to you; in your father's absence, he wants to enquire of you into the circumstances of your family.

Sir John. What is your father, young woman?

Sophia. The best of parents.

Sir John. Not very rich, I imagine?

Sophia. He is content.

Sir John. What business does he follow?

Sophia. He has a small farm of his own; he rents a larger upon this manor—he cultivates both.

Sir John. You two are not of much service to him, I'm afraid?

Sophia. Too little, sir,——his indulgence sometimes prevents even our feeble attempts——Mr. Rental knows it is his fault——but I believe his only one.

Sir John. What then is your employment?

Sophia. I work at my needle for him; I read to him; I receive his instructions——I once receiv'd them from a mother——I repeat to him her precepts——they often draw his tears; but he assures me they are pleasing.

Annette. Yes, but I always stop them for all that ——the moment his eyes moisten, I sing or chatter them dry.

Sir John. This is past bearing, Rental——the seat of innocence!——it is the seat of witchcraft.

Rental. Pure Nature, sir.

Sir John. And what witchcraft's so powerful? Have not you learnt that it is a blessing when the sex takes to artifice and affectation? Were women to continue in person and in heart, as Nature forms her favourites among them, they would turn the heads of all mankind.

Rental. Permit me, sir, to say you are the first that were ever angry at finding them undegenerated.

Sir John. Have not I suffer'd by it? I lost a son by this sort of artless Nature before—my present Hopeful, it is true, is an exception; Nature wou'd stand a poor chance with him against a French heel, and a head as big as a bushel.

Rental. I am glad, sir, you are easy upon that head.

Sir John. [*To Annette.*] And so, my little gipsy, (for I find you talk gibberish) your prattle is always at your tongue's end?

Annette. Not always——I can hold my tongue to people I don't like.—I talk to divert my father —and would do the same now—if it could put you in a humour to be his friend.

Sophia. Fie, Annette, you are very bold.

Annette. Sister, I am sure the gentleman is not angry. I shou'd not have ventur'd to be so free, if he had not the very look, the sort of half-smiling gravity of papa, when he is pleas'd with me in his heart—and does not care directly to own it.

Sir John. Wheedling jade!—but, may be, that's another proof of woman in pure Nature.

Annette. Indeed, sir, I mean no harm; and I am sure you have not thought I did, for your frowns vanish like summer clouds, before one can well say they are formed.

So the chill mist, or falling shower,
O'erspreads the vernal scene;
And in the vapour of the hour
We lose the sweet serene.

But soon the bright meridian ray
Dispels the transient gloom;
Restores the promise of the day,
And shews a world in bloom.

Sir John. This is past enduring.—Rental, take notice—the decree is past irrevocably as fate—no reply—this house and all that belongs to it—father, daughters, servants, to the very squirrels and linnets, shall——

Rental. Be laid low, sir?

Sir John. Be secur'd! protected! raised!—It shall become the mansion of plenty and joy; and these girls shall pay the landlord in song and sentiment.

Rental. I thank you in the name of their father. A man more worthy your favour does not live—and you only can save him from his enemies.

Sir John. Who are they?

Rental. He has one in particular, honourable and benevolent in his nature, but who vowed en-

mity to him in a fit of passion, and has obstinately adhered to it ever since.

Sir John. Does he so? Gad, that's no fool though! no weathercock!—and how did he deserve this enmity? But that's no matter with a man of the decision and wisdom you describe.

Rental. You'll best decide upon the provocation when the effects of it are laid before you as an impartial judge.

Sir John. I hate impartiality, and set out on this business upon a quite contrary principle.—Come forward, my little clients, give a kiss of partiality a piece—now I am feed your advocate for ever—so come to the Castle in the evening; bring your father with you; let this obstinate dog appear if he dare—my obstinacy is now bound to defeat his, right or wrong—he shall give way, and he may look for an excuse to himself in the eyes of my little charmers.

Rental. He is very positive.

Sir John. He shall go to the stocks, if he is.—What, not yield when the interest of my darlings is in question? By all that's steady, I'll build a new house of correction, and they shall keep the key.

Rental. But be upon your guard, sir; he will be asserting his former resolutions.

Sir John. Tell not me of his assertions,
Mine are laws of Medes and Persians;
Vain against them all endeavour,
Right or wrong they bind for ever.

Sophia. Remember then a daughter's prayer,
Receive a parent to your care;
Annette. Frown on his foe's obdurate plea,
But keep benignant smiles for me.

Enter PEGGY.

Peggy. When I see my betters hearty,
How I long to be a party!
Pardon me if I intrude, sir;
I'd be pleasant, but not rude, sir.

Sophia. Peggy, have done.
Annette. It is Sir John.
Peggy. I'm sure he looks compliant.
Sop. and Ann. From hence he goes,
To crush our foes.
Sir John. As Jack did once the Giant.

Sophia. Remember your clients with troubles beset.

Annette. Remember Sophia, remember Annette.
Sir John. The cause of my clients I'll never forget,
The kiss of Sophia, the kiss of Annette.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. Enter PEGGY, *and* LA NIPPE *following and courting.*

Peggy.

IF you offer to be impudent again, you shall have it on both ears instead of one. I tell you I'm a married woman; is not that an answer?

La Nippe. Yes, of encouragement, my dear—it seldom is an objection in the world I have inhabited.

" *Peggy.* The world is at a fine pass by your " account—But these are some of your outlandish " notions—they wou'd make fine cutting of throats " among English husbands.

" *La Nippe.* [*Laughing.*] Cutting throats! " Oh, my sweet Peg, how ignorant you are! I " wish your husband was at home with all my " heart—I'd shew you how to follow the example " of our betters—I wou'd dine with you both " every day, and he should thank me for pre- " serving the peace of his family.

" [*Puts his arm round her.*

Peggy. " [*Pushing him.*] Keep your distance, Mr. Assurance"—If this be the new style of matrimony, Heaven keep Sophia clear of it, I say.

La Nippe. Oh, my dear, you need be in no pain about that. She is not in the least danger.

Peggy. Why, did not you tell me your master was mad in love for her, and wou'd make my fortune if I wou'd help him?

La Nippe. Exactly! but what has that to do with marriage?

Peggy. [*In surprise.*] What the deuce has it to do with else?

La Nippe. Pleasure and profit. He'll love her out of vanity, if she makes a figure as his mistress; he'd hate for her fashion's sake, if she was his wife. Let us but get the couple well established in London—who knows but you and I may be exalted to be their toads.

Peggy. Toads!

La Nippe. One takes any name for a fortune, and this is become a fashionable one I assure you. In short, you will be the companion of her pleasures; dress'd as well as herself; courted by every man who has a design upon her—and make a market of her every day. Oh, you'll have quite the pull of me in employment.

Peggy. Indeed!

La Nippe. Yes, I shall change damnably for the worse in quitting the life of a valet for that of a companion. "Follower to what he calls a man "of fashion! zounds! I'd rather be a bailiff's fol- "lower by half—if it was not for what may come "after."

Peggy. I have no longer any patience with the rogue's impudence! [*Aside.*] "So, having de- "clar'd yourself a pimp—you wou'd make me a "procuress, and Miss Sophy a——

La Nippe. "[*Stopping her mouth.*] Hold your "tongue, you jade—and don't give gross names "to characters so much in fashion." Come, don't be silly and angry now—I have dealt openly with you, knowing you to be a woman of sense and spirit—[*Peggy seems angry.*] Don't be in a passion I tell you—here, my dear—here's a gentle receipt for anger—here—did you ever see this sort of thing before?

[*Takes a rouleau of guineas from his pocket.*

Peggy. What is it?

La Nippe. [*Measuring the rouleau on his finger.*] A rouleau! fifty guineas wrapt up in this small compass. One may know it by its make, it is from the first club in town—there it is, escaped from sharpers and creditors, to purchase beauty and kindness.

Peggy. [*Aside.*] I could tear his eyes out—is there no way to be even with him?

La Nippe. Aye, take a minute, my dear, to consider—I know but few of your sex wou'd require so much time.

Peggy. [*To herself.*] No means of fitting the rogue! Gad I have a thought—If I am not too much in a passion to dissemble—I am not much used to artifice—but they say it never fails a woman at a pinch. [*Looking kindly.*] Why to be sure, I was considering upon that little *device*—let's feel, is it heavy? [*Taking the money.*

La Nippe. Oh! of great weight.

Peggy. Law! not at all, I cou'd carry a hundred of them—but pray now tell me fairly what am I to do for it?

La Nippe. Nothing but an office of good-nature—you are to put your mistress into my master's hands—you women can do more with one another in this sort of business in a day, than a lover (at least such a one as ours) will do in a year.

Peggy. Lord, how modest you are all at once—speak out—I am to seduce my mistress for——

La Nippe. Fie, what names you are giving things again!—you are to remove foolish preju-

dices; to open a friend's eyes to their interest—zounds, child! it's an office for a statesman.

Peggy. Oh, that's all——

La Nippe. Not quite all; you know ther'es a something that regards ourselves, but that goes of course in negociations of this sort.

Peggy. Oh, does it?—and what do you call this pretty invention?

La Nippe. An abridgment of polite arithmetic—a purse must be counted, which is troublesome; a note requires reading, which to some persons may be inconvenient—but the *rouleau* conveys fifty guineas to your pocket without a single chink, and takes up less room than a toothpick case.

Peggy. This bewitches me, I think.

La Nippe. Yes, my dear, its always reckon'd bewitching.

The *rouleau* is form'd with a magical twist,
To conquer caprice or displeasure:
If your object the offer of one should resist,
You have only to double the measure.

It finds to all places its way without eyes,
Without tongue it discourses most sweetly;
To beauty or conscience alike it applies,
And settles the business completely.

Peggy.

Well, who could have thought such a wonderful power,
In a compass so small could be hidden;
To sweeten at once the grapes that are sour,
And purchase e'en fruit that's forbidden.

A magic so pleasant must surely be right,
Without scruple I pocket the evil,
I'll shew you the proper effect before night,
And leave you to account with the devil.

La Nippe. Excellent! now you are a girl exactly after my own heart—where shall we meet?

Peggy. Why you must know this is the day of our wake; and Sir John gives a treat to all the tenants, so every body will be busy, and so about an hour before sun-set come to the hay-rick by the pool of the farm-yard.

La Nippe. Oh, you jade, I shall have no patience if you make me wait.

Peggy. I'll come whenever I am sure the coast is clear——but in the mean time you shall find a harvest cag, with a sup of cordial to keep up your spirits; in the country we never make a bargain with dry lips.

La Nippe. [*Aside.*] What the devil, my dairy-

maid drinks drams!——she'll be fit to cry milk in the streets of London——I need not have paid so high if I had known that.

Peggy. Be sure now to be punctual.

La Nippe. And you to be complying.

Peggy. Oh, as for that you know—'If your object your offer of one should resist,' &c.

[*Exeunt separately, she singing, he nodding.*

SCENE II. Booths for a country Wake—a large one in the form of a tent—Recruits in different coloured Cockades at work in fitting it up.

Captain Trepan. Come, stir my lads—briskly, briskly—up with the rest of the advertisements ——we shall have the wake fill'd before we are ready.

Enter RENTAL.

Rental. Hey-day! what have we hear? if you have any shew to exhibit, friend, you ought to ask leave before you erect your booth.

Trepan. Ah, sir, the Lord of the Manor is too good a subject to obstruct my work.—[*To the workmen.*] Bring forward the great butt there, place it in view by the drum and colours.

Rental. By your dress you should belong to the army; pray, sir, what is your real business?

Trepan. I am a manufacturer of honour and glory—vulgarly call'd a recruiting dealer——or, more vulgarly still, a skin merchant. I come to a country wake as to a good market—a little patience, and you shall see my practice—come, paste up more bills—and the devices—they are not half thick enough—where's the lion rampant, with a grenadier's cap upon his head?

First Workman. Here, sir, here.

Trepan. And the marine device?

Second Workman. Here it is——done to the life—the prize boarded; the decks running with arrack punch, and dammed up with gold dust.

Trepan. Right, lad, place that next the lion. I don't see the London tailor with his foot upon the neck of the French king.

Third Workman. Here he is in all his glory.

Trepan. Paste him up on the other flank of the lion——so, so, pretty well——what have you left for the corner?

Fourth Workman. The East-Indies, Captain, a nabob in triumph, throwing rough diamonds to the young fifers to play at marbles.

Trepan. [*To Rental.*] Very well, very well—sir, how do you like my shop?

Rental. Faith, sir, the construction seems to be as curious as your employment—I think you call'd yourself a skin merchant.

Trepan. Mine, sir, is a new trade, but a necessary and a happy one, for it flourishes in proportion to the spirit of the nation—and if our rulers will but employ it properly—Captain Trepan shall furnish them for next year with twenty thousand new Alexanders at five pence a day.

Rental. Well, Captain, as you have call'd your's a trade, will you oblige me so much as to explain how it is carried on?

Trepan. Oh, with pleasure, sir! Suppose new regiments are to be raised—I am applied to—Captain Trepan—that's my name, sir—How are skins now?—How many may you want?—Five hundred——Why, your honour, answers I, those that are fit for all use, that bear fire, and wear well in all climates, cannot be afforded for less than ten pounds a-piece—we have an inferior sort that we sell by the hundred—I'll take half and half, says my employer!—Your place of delivery?—Plymouth!—Agreed!—and they are on shipboard in a month.

Rental. But, Captain, sure this business is subject to frauds?

Trepan. Yes, there are rogues in all trades—

but my word is known. I never ran the same recruit through more than three regiments in my life —and that only when we have been hard pressed for a review.

Rental. Very conscientious, upon my word.

Trepan. Aye, and my conscience has made me —I export more goods than all the trade together. Let us but have a fair trial with our enemies in any part of the world—and then see if Captain Trepan's skins don't figure—but here, Sergeant Crimp, let the recruits fall in.

" *Rental.* [*Reading the bills.*] Very fine lan-
" guage, Captain—I see you are a great writer as
" well as an orator.

" *Trepan.* I cou'd not do without the talents of
" both, sir—next to gold and brandy, a glib
" tongue and a ready pen are the best implements
" in our trade—novelty in every line, you see
" —*new* clothes, *new* arms, *new* commanders,
" *new*——

" *Rental.* There I doubt a little, whether no-
" velty is so proper—would not old commanders
" be more encouraging?

" *Trepan.* No, it is not thought so—old com-
" manders, like old wines, may be good to stick
" to; but the new sparkles, and gets into the
" head, and presently makes it fit to be run against

" the wall"—See how my new Colonels stand over the old ones, with their names in capitals as tall as their spontoons.

Rental. Arranged with a great deal of fancy indeed.

Trepan. Aye, and meaning too—I can tell you—but do only look at my recruits—do but look at them——[*Crimp gives the word March.*] there's stuff for all work—southern rangers, and northern hunters—low-landers and high-landers, and loyals and royals, and chasseurs and dasheurs—I suppose now you would like such a fellow as that. [*Pointing to a smart recruit.*

Rental. It is a thousand pities he should be shot at.

Trepan. Be in no apprehension, he'll never die by powder.

Rental. What do you mean?

Trepan. Lord help you! how you might be imposed upon—he's my decoy-duck—mere shew goods for the shop-window—not an inch of wear and tear in the whole piece. The dog inherited desertion from his family. His brother was called Quicksilver Jack, he was hanged at last at Berlin, after having served six different princes in the same pair of shoes.

Enter TRUMORE. [*Hastily.*]

Trumore. Which is the commander of the party?

Trepan. Your pleasure, sir.

Trumore. A musquet in a regiment upon foreign service.

Trepan. And a handful of guineas to boot, my lad of mettle; this is something like a recruit.

Rental. [*To Trumore.*] What's this—Trumore enlisting—can I believe my eyes?

Trumore. Yes, and your heart too—which is always on the side of a well-meant action.

Rental. What has driven you to such an act of desperation?

Trumore. Rashly quits the country—I am convinced his repugnance to my union with his daughter is the cause. He is provident—I am undone—he is besides in immediate trouble—perhaps going to gaol upon informations for killing game—I must give him a proof of my respect and my friendship—as well as of my resignation.

Rental. [*Aside.*] Generous youth! But I'll let all things go on—if they do not unitedly work upon the old man's heart, it must be adamant. Captain, you'll see Sir John Contrast.

Trepan. I shall attest my recruits before him, and this brave fellow at their head. [*Exit Rental.*

Trumore. I shall be ready, but there is a condition must first be complied with.

Trepan. Name it.

Trumore. Twenty guineas to make up a sum for an indispensable obligation—I scorn to take it as enlisting money—you shall be repaid.

Trepan. You shall have it—any thing more?

Trumore. Absence for half an hour—in that time depend upon't I'll meet you at the Castle. [*Exit.*

Enter SERGEANT CRIMP.

Crimp. [*To Trepan.*] Here's a fine set of country fellows getting round us, a march and a song might do well.

Trepan. [*Aside.*] You are right!—[*Aloud.*] Come, my lads, we'll give you a taste of a soldier's life. Corporal Snap, give them the song our officers used to be so fond of; it will please their sweethearts as well as themselves—strike up drums.

[CORPORAL SNAP *sings.*]

Gallant comrades of the blade,
Pay your vows to beauty;
Mars's toils are best repaid
In the arms of beauty.

With the myrtle mix the vine,
Round the laurel let them twine;
Then to glory, love, and wine
Pay alternate duty.

CHORUS.

Gallant comrades, &c.

SCENE III. *Enter* PEGGY, *with an empty Cag, laughing.*

Peggy. The rogue has drank it every drop; poppy water and cherry brandy together work delightfully—he'll sleep some hours in a charming ditch where I have had him convey'd—pleasant dreams to you, Monsieur La Nippe. What wou'd I give if I cou'd requite your master as well.

Enter SERGEANT CRIMP *and* SOLDIERS.

Crimp. My life on't the dog's off—the moment Trepan told me of his pelaver, I suspected he was an old hand, with his voluntary service, and his honour, and his half hour. [*Seeing Peggy.*] Mistress, did you see a young fellow with a scarlet cockade in his hat pass this way?

Peggy. Not I, indeed, friend; I was otherways employed.

Crimp. Nay, don't be cross; we are looking for

a deserter; he is described as a likely young fellow. Come, if you can give me intelligence, you shall have half the reward for apprehending him.

Peggy. Here's another bribe; one may have them, I see, for betraying either sex. And what would you do with him?

Crimp. Oh, no harm, as it is the first fault. We should put him in the black hole at present, just to give him the relish of bread and water; the party marches at midnight; he'll be handcuffed upon the road; but as soon as he gets between decks in a transport, he'll be perfectly at liberty again.

Peggy. Gad whoever he is, if I could see him, I'd give him a hint of your intended kindness.—[*Looking out.*] Hey! who's this coming? the hero of the plot, young Contrast. [*Ruminates.*] It would be special vengeance—a bold stroke, its true, but a public justice to woman-kind—hang fear, I'll do't—hark ye, Mr. What-d'ye-call-'em, did you ever see the man you are in search of?

Crimp. No, but I think I should know him.

Peggy. [*Pointing.*] That's your mark, I fancy.

Crimp. Gad it must be so; but I don't see his cockade.

Peggy. I saw him pull it off, and throw it in the ditch as he came over yonder stile.

Crimp. Ah! an old hand, as I suspected—meet me at the Castle, where we shall convict him—you shall have the reward.

Peggy. To be sure, money does every thing; but have some pity upon the young man—you won't treat him worse than what you told me?

Crimp. No, no, get you gone, he'll never know who did his business.

Peggy. [*Archly.*] But don't treat him hardly. [*Exit.*

Enter CONTRAST *yawning;* CRIMP *comes behind, and taps him upon the shoulder.*

Crimp. Well overtaken, brother soldier.

Contrast. Friend, I conclude you are of this neighbourhood, by the happy familiarity that distinguishes it; but at present it is misapplied, you mistake me for some other.

Crimp. Mistake you—no, no, your legs would discover you among a thousand—I never saw a fellow better set upon his pins.

Contrast. [*Looking at his legs.*] Not so much out there.

Crimp. But where have you been loitering so long? is your knapsack packed; have you taken leave of your sweetheart?—she must not go with you, I can tell you—we are allowed but four wo-

men a company for embarkation, and the officers have chosen them all already.

Contrast. Sure there is some strange quality in this air—the people are not only impudent—but mad.

Crimp. I shall find a way to bring you to your senses, sir; what did you pull the cockade out of your hat for, you dog?

Contrast. What the devil can he mean?

Crimp. Why, you rascal, you won't deny that you are enlisted to embark immediately for the West-Indies? have not you touched twenty guineas for the legs you are so proud of?—pretty dearly bought.

Contrast. Now its plain how well you know me—thy own gunpowder scorch me, if I'd lie in a tent two nights to be Captain General of the united Potentates of Europe.

Crimp. The dog's insolence outdoes the common—but come, walk on quietly before me.

[*Pushing him.*

Contrast. Walk before you! [*Resisting.*

Crimp. Oh, oh! mutinous too—— [*Whistles.*

Enter four or five SOLDIERS.

First Soldier. Here we are, Sergeant! what are your orders?

Crimp. Lay hold of that fellow; he's a deserter —a thief—and the sauciest dog in the army.—Have you no handcuffs?

Enter MOLL FLAGON.—*A Soldier's Coat over her Petticoat, a Gin-bottle by her Side, and a short Pipe in her Mouth.*

Moll. No occasion for 'em, master Sergeant—— don't be too hard upon the young man——brandy be my poison but I like the looks of him—here, my heart—take a whiff——[*Offers her pipe.*]—What, not burn priming! come, load then.

[*Gives him a glass of brandy.*

Contrast. It is plain these are a set of murderers —no help! no relief!

Moll. Relief, sirrah! you're no centry yet. Sergeant, give me charge of him——Moll Flagon never fail'd when she answer'd for her man.

Crimp. With all my heart, honest Moll!—and see what you can make of him.

Moll. Never fear, I'll make a soldier and a husband of him——here, first of all—let's see—what a damn'd hat he has got—here, change with him, Jack—— [*Puts a cap upon his head.*

Contrast. Why, only hear me—I'm a man of fashion——

Moll. Ha! ha! ha! I'll fashion you presently. [*Puts a knapsack upon him.*] There, now you look something like——and now let's see what cash you have about you.

Contrast. Very little—but you shall have it every farthing, if you'll let me go.

Moll. Go, you jolly dog—ay, that you shall, through the world; you and I together——I'll stick to you through life, my son of sulphur.

Come, my soul,
Post the cole,
I must beg or borrow:
Fill the can,
You're my man;
'Tis all the same to-morrow.

Sing and quaff,
Dance and laugh,
A fig for care or sorrow:
Kiss and drink,
But never think;
'Tis all the same to-morrow.

Contrast. Oh! I am a man of fashion.

[*Exeunt, thrusting him off.*

Enter SOPHIA *and* ANNETTE, *crossing the stage hastily;* TRUMORE *after them.*

Trumore. Stop, Sophia.

Sophia. Trumore, this is the only moment I could refuse listening to you. My father is, for aught I know, going to gaol.

Trumore. Comfort yourself on his part——I promise you his safety. I would not leave the county 'till I was certain of it. I now take leave of him—of you—and all that makes life dear.

Sophia. Oh my fears! what means that ribband in your hat?

Trumore. The ensign of honour, when worn upon true principles. A passion for our country is the only one that ought to have competition with virtuous love—when they unite in the heart our actions are inspiration.

From thine eyes imbibing fire,
I a conqueror mean to prove;
Or with brighter fame expire,
For my country and my love:

But ambition's promise over,
One from thee I still shall crave;
Light the turf my head shall cover
With thy pity on my grave.

Sophia. Trumore, this is too much for me—heaven knows how little I am formed for the relish of ambition—these heroic notions, how often do they lead to the misery of ourselves!—of those we leave!—I claim no merit in my apprehensions—alas! they are too selfish.

Trumore. I came to bid farewell in one short word; but the utterance fails me—Annette, speak for me; and when I am gone, comfort your sister.

Annette. Indeed, Trumore, it will be out of my power—my notes will now be as melancholy as her own—to sooth her, I must sympathize with her in the alarms of absence and danger.

The sleepless bird from eve to morn
Renews her plaintive strain;
Presses her bosom to the thorn,
And courts th' inspiring pain.

But, ah! how vain the skill of song,
To wake the vocal air;
With passion trembling on the tongue,
And in the heart despair!

Enter RENTAL.

Rental. What is here!——a concert of sorrow? Reserve your tears, my young mistresses, if your

W. J. White. f.

Trumore. I came to bid farewell in one short word; but the utterance fails me. Lord of the Manor, Act 3, Scene 3.

Published Jan. 19. 1807. by Scatcherd & Letterman Ave Maria Lane.

smiles will not do the business better, to work upon the old Baronet in the cause of your father ——he is going to be called before him——let a parent owe his happiness to you in the first place; and may it be an omen for your lover being as fortunate in the next!

Trumore. Rashly appearing before the justice! I have an interest and a business there before you —I fly to execute it——then, Fortune, grant me one more look of her, and take me afterwards to thy direction! [*Exit.*

Rental. The moment is strangely critical to you all. Come on, young ladies, I have a story for you will surprise and encourage you.

Sophia. We are guided by you—but what can we hope from our silly tears, opposed to the malice of my father's enemies?

Rental. Every thing——you know not half the interest you possess in the judge. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. A large Gothic Hall.

Sir JOHN CONTRAST, *followed by* TREPAN.

Sir John. I have attested the men, in compliance with your beating order——but no more of your occupation—I'm not for purchasing hu-

man flesh—give me the man (aye, and the woman too) that engages upon frank love and kindness, and so to other business.

Enter CRIMP, *whispers* TREPAN.

Trepan. One word more, your worship. The Sergeant has just apprehended a deserter. I am sure your worship will be glad to have him convicted—he is the worst of swindlers.

Sir John. How do you make him out a swindler?

Trepan. He borrows for shew the most valuable commodities in the nation, courage and fidelity; and so raises money upon property of which he does not possess an atom.

Sir John. Does he so?—then bring him in—— I'd rather see one thief of the public punish'd, than an hundred private ones.

Crimp. Here, Moll, produce your prisoners.

[*Lugs in Contrast.*

Sir John. What, in the name of sorcery, is this! my son in a soldier's accoutrements!—I should not have been more surprised, if he had been metamorphosed into a fish.

Contrast. I was in a fair way to be food for one—I should have been shark's meat before I got half way to the West Indies.

Sir John. Stark mad, by all that's fantastical!—Can nobody tell me how he was seized?

Contrast. Seized! why, by that ruffian, neck and heels; and for my accoutrements, you must ask this harpy, who assisted at my toilette.

Crimp. A perfect innocent mistake, as I hope to be pardon'd, your worship—I was sent to seek a deserter—with the best legs in England—was it possible not to be deceived? but, thanks to Fortune, here's a sure acquittal—this baggage put him into my hands as the very person.

Enter PEGGY.

Peggy. Only a little retaliation, your worship—a wolf was in full chase of an innocent lamb, that, to be sure, I had foolishly helped to expose to his paws—a trap offered to my hand, and I must own I did set it, and the wolf was caught, as you see. But, indeed, I was coming to your worship, to prevent all further harm. I meant honestly, and a little merrily I confess—I cannot be one without the other for my life.

Contrast. Plague on you all! this mystery thickens, instead of clearing.

Trepan. It is clear, however, my party is out of the scrape—and as for the fellow really enlisted—

Enter TRUMORE.

Trumore. He is here to fulfil all engagements.

Trepan. Well said, my lad of truth; then my twenty guineas are alive again.

Trumore. You shall see them employ'd; I would have mortgaged ten lives rather than have wanted them.—[*To Sir John.*] Mr. Rashly is charged with informations for killing game to the amount of forty pounds. By assistance of this gentleman I have made up the sum. The law is cruel to *him;* to *me* it is kind; it enables me to shew him the heart he perhaps has doubted. [*Lays down the money.*] He is free—and now, sir, I am your man, and will follow wherever the service of my country leads. [*To Trepan.*

Rental. [*Coming forward.*] Brave, generous fellow! I foresaw his intent, and would not have baulked it for a kingdom.

Sir John. Oh, Rental, I am glad you are come; you find me in a wilderness here.

Rental. A moment, sir, and I'm sure you'll not mistake your path.

Peggy. [*Opening the rouleau.*] The twist is magical, indeed, I think, for I can't undo it—oh, there it is at last——

[*Pours the money upon the table.*

Put up your's again, Mr. Trumore——poor fellow! you'll want it in your new life.

Contrast. One of my rouleaus! I have been robbed, I see, as well as kidnapped.

Sir John. Hussy! how came you by all that money?

Peggy. Perfectly honestly—I sold my mistress and myself for it—it is not necessary to deliver the goods, for his honour is provided with a mistress; [*Pointing to Moll.*] and my lover is about as well off.—Come, sir, never look so cross after your money—what fine gentleman would grudge to let an honest man out of gaol, when he can buy his daughter's modesty into the bargain?

Sir John. Rental, do you see into this?

Rental. Clearly, sir, and it must end with reconciling you to your son.

Sir John. How! reconcile me to bribery and debauchery!—never—if the dog could succeed with a girl by his face, or his tongue, or his legs, or any thing that nature has given him, why there's a sort of fair play that might palliate—but there is an unmanliness in vice without passion—death! insipidity is converted into infamy—but where is this Rashly and his girls?

Enter RASHLY, *between his Daughters; they throw themselves at Sir* JOHN'S *feet—a long pause.*

Sir John. [*In the greatest surprise.*] This Rashly! this the father of these girls! And do not his features deceive me?—who is it I see?

Rental. The son I mean to reconcile—who offended upon principles the most opposite to those you just now condemned—the children of his offence—and thanks only to the inheritance of his virtues, that they are not become the punishment of his poverty.

Contrast. My elder brother come to light!

Sir John. Rise till I am sure I am awake—this is the confusion of a delirium.

Rental. [*To Rashly.*] Why do not you speak, sir?

Rashly. What form of words will become me? To say I repent, would be an injury to the dead and living. I have erred, but I have been happy—one duty I can plead; resignation to your will—so may I thrive in the decision of this anxious moment as I never taxed your justice.

Sir John. [*After a pause.*] Rental, do you expect I shall ever retract?

Rental. No, sir, for I was witness to the solem-

nity of your vow, that you would protect the father of your little clients against all his enemies —right or wrong, they should yield.

Sir John. Yes, but I little thought how very stubborn an old fellow I should have to deal with.

Rental. Come forward, clients.

Sophia. I am overcome with dread.

Sir John. Come, I'll make short work of it, as usual—so hear all—my decree is made.

Rental. Now justice and nature!

Sophia. Memory and tenderness!

Contrast. [*Aside.*] Caprice and passion!

Sir John. Decision and consistency!—I discarded one son for a marriage—I have brought up a second—not to marry—but to attempt to debauch his own niece. I'll try what sort of vexation the other sex will produce—so listen, girls—take possession of this castle—it is yours—nay, I only keep my word—you remember how I promised to treat the old obstinate your father was afraid of. This is the house of self-correction, and I give you the key.

Sophia and Annette. [*Kneeling.*] Gratitude—love and joy——

Sir John. Up, ye little charmers—your looks have asked my blessing this hour.

Rental. And now for Trumore, to complete the happiness. Sir John, permit me your ear apart. [*Takes him aside.*

Contrast. So! the confusion of chances seems winding up to a miracle, and quite in my favour—the run of these last twelve hours exceeds all calculation, strike me pennyless—where is that dog, La Nippe?

Enter LA NIPPE, *covered with mud.*

La Nippe. Here he is, in a pleasant plight——

Contrast. Whence, in the devil's name, comest thou?

La Nippe. From the bottom of a black ditch—how I got there I know no more than the man in the moon—I waked, and found myself half smother'd in dirt, lying like King Log in the fable, with a congress of frogs on my back.

Peggy. My dear, I hope you are satisfied with your bargain, I did my best 'to settle your business completely.'

La Nippe. Oh! thou witch of Endor.

[*Peggy and La Nippe continue to act in dumb show.*

Sir John. Another plot upon me, Rental—but does the young fellow say nothing himself for his pretensions?

Trumore. I have none, sir—they aspired too high when directed to Sophy Rashly; they must cease for ever when I think of Miss Contrast.

Sir John. Now for the blood of me, I can't see that distinction. Can you, Contrast?

[*To Rashly.*

Rashly. So far from it, sir, that I think the purity of his attachment to the poor farmer's *daughter*, is the best recommendation to the fortune of the *heiress*.

Sir John. I confirm the decree—it is exactly my old way—I have not been apt to retract an action, but no man more ready to correct it by doing the reverse another time. I am now convinced mutual affection makes the only true equality in marriage; and in my present humour (I don't know how long 'twill last) I wish there was not a wedding in the nation formed upon any other interest—what say you, man of fashion?

[*To young Contrast.*

Rashly. Dear sir, don't treat my brother's foibles too severely. His zeal, to be eminent, only wants a right turn.

Sir John. Let him find that turn, and he knows I have wherewithal to keep him from the inconvenience of a younger brother, though he loses Castle Manor.

Contrast. I resign it, and all its appendages.

And with all my faults, my brother shall find I am neither envious nor mercenery.—[*To La Nippe.*] Horses for town instantly; there is my true sphere —and if ever I am caught in a rural intrigue again, may I be tied to an old ram, like my pointers for sheep-biting, and butted into a consistence with the clay of this damned forest.

[*Exit, La Nippe following.*

Sir John. And now to return to my recruit—I promised he should be attested to-night—and so he shall to his bride—if afterwards his country demands his assistance—get him a commission, Sophy, and pray for a short end to the war—a prayer in which every good subject in the nation will join you.

Trumore. Sir, you have given me a possession that makes all other treasures poor. Witness love and truth, how much I despise the temptation of ambition, when weighed against one hour of Sophia's society. But these are times when service to the public is a tribute that justice and virtue indiscriminately impose upon private happiness. And the man who refuses, upon their call, a sacrifice to the exigency of his country, ill deserves to be a sharer in her prosperity.

Rental. Sir, the tenants from the wake, in eagerness of honest joy, press to be admitted.

Sir John. Throw open the doors.

Rental. I hope you will not see a countenance that does not express an interest in the events of Castle Manor.

SCENE V. Draws to an enlargement of the Hall.

Enter Tenants &c.

FINALE.

Rashly. Partners of my toils and pleasures,
To this happy spot repair;
See how justly Fortune measures
Favours to the true and fair:

With chorusses gay
Proclaim holiday
In praise of the Lord of the Manor;
And happy the song,
If it trains old and young
In the lessons of Castle Manor.

Sophia. When a mutual inclination
Once a glowing spark betrays,
Try with tender emulation
Which shall first excite the blaze:

I plighted my troth
To a generous youth,
I found him at Castle Manor.
To one only be kind,
And leave fashion behind,
'Tis the lesson of Castle Manor.

Trumore. Gallants, learn from Trumore's story.
To associate in the breast
Truth and honour, love and glory,
And to Fortune leave the rest.

My ambition was fame;
From beauty it came,
From beauty at Castle Manor:
'Tis an honour to arms
To be led by its charms,
Like the soldier of Castle Manor.

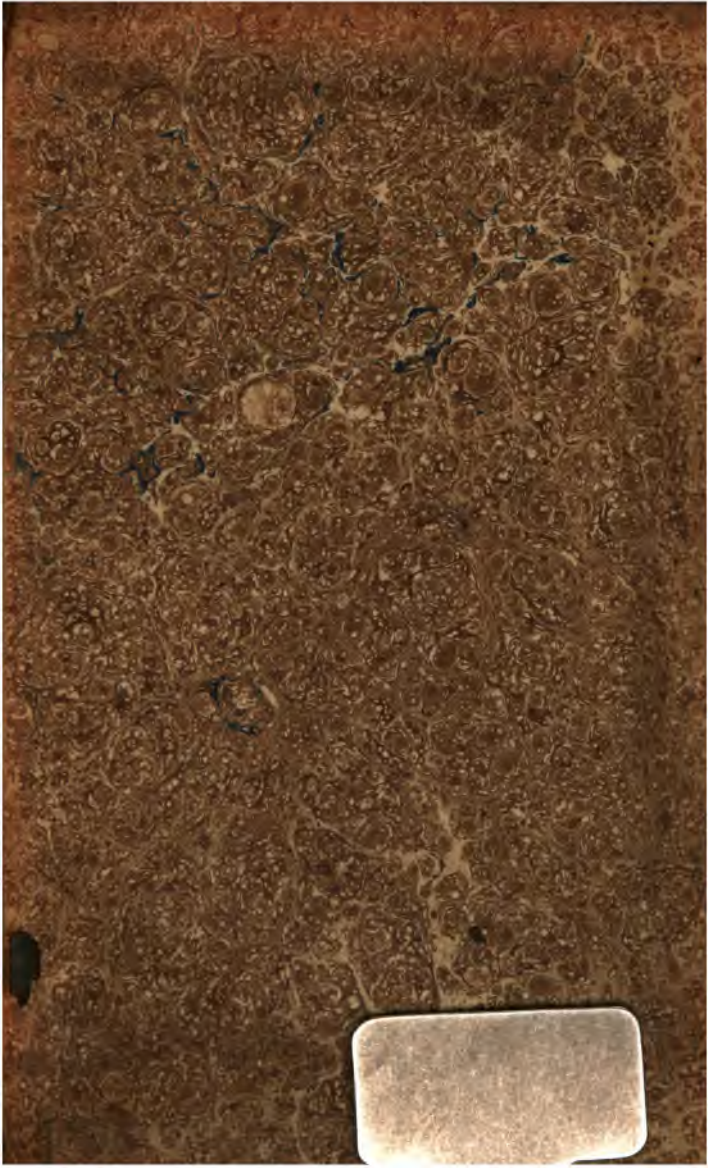
Peggy. Brisk and free, but true to duty,
Sure I've play'd an honest part;
Would you purchase love and beauty,
Be the prize a faithful heart.

Should a knave full of gold
Think Peg's to be sold,

Let him meet me at Castle Manor:
A bed in the mire
To cool his desire,
Is the lesson of Castle Manor.

Annette. Though I trip in my expression,
Critics, lend a patient ear;
If coquetting be transgression,
Sisterhood, be not severe.

To love while we live,
And all faults to forgive,
Is the lesson of Castle Manor:
Be friends to our cause,
And make your applause
A new blessing at Castle Manor.

END OF VOL I.

C. WHITTINGHAM, Printer,
Dean Street.